

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 978

AUGUST 25, 1888

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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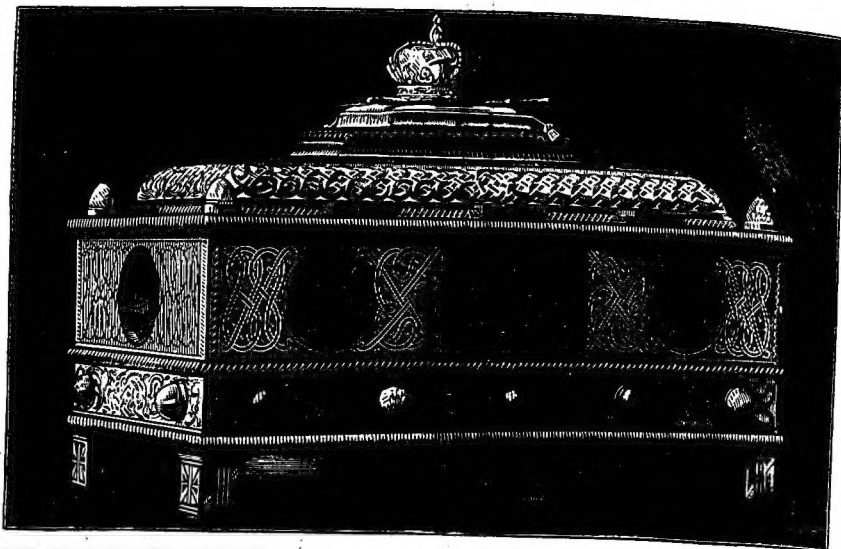
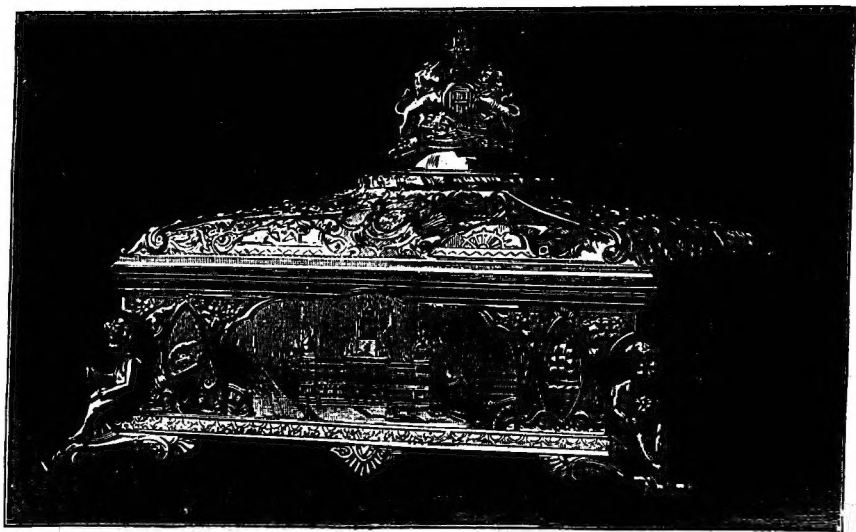


1. The *Collingwood* in a Gale—Signalling under Difficulties  
2. The Tops of the *Collingwood* during Action  
3. Coastguard on the Watch

4. Quarterdeck of the *Rupert* during a Night Attack, Berehaven  
5. Officers off Duty Spy Petticoats off Ramsgate

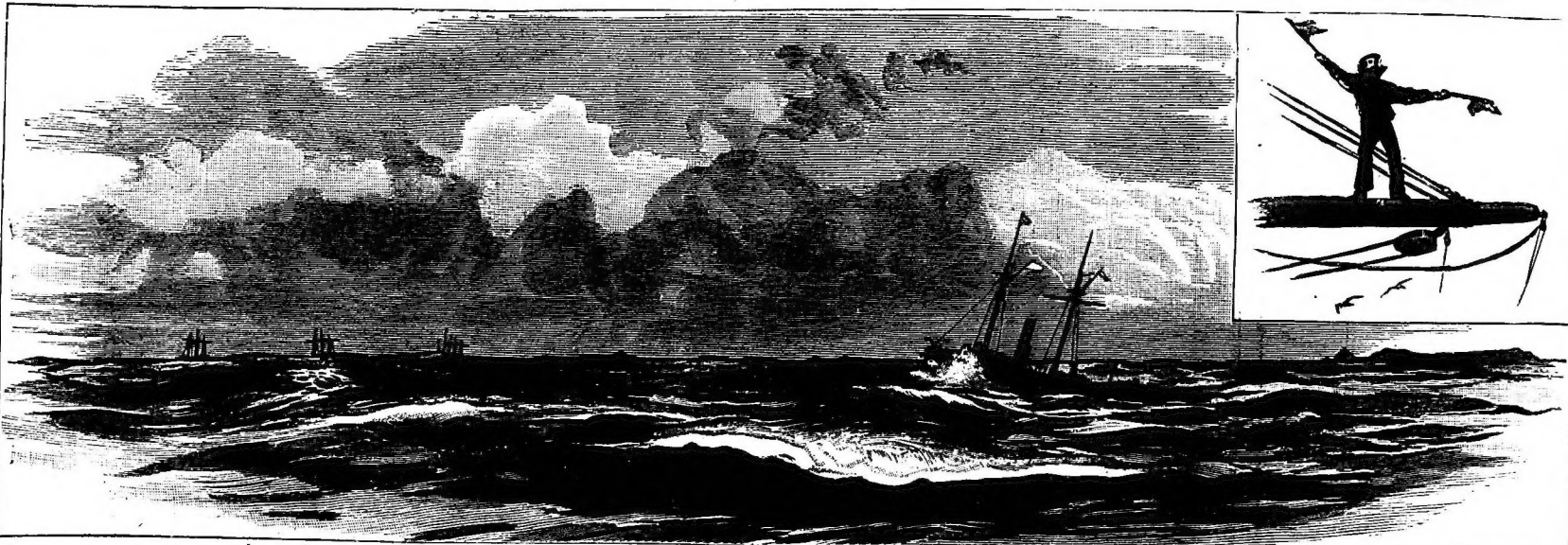
6. The Disturbing Cause. (N.B. The First Petticoat seen for Four Weeks)  
7. How the Officers on Duty Behaved

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION  
FROM SKETCHES BY NAVAL OFFICERS



THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AT GLASGOW THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AT RENFREW

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW AND RENFREW



THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—H.M.S. "CURLEW" GOING TO THE ENEMY WITH A FLAG OF TRUCE  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B" SQUADRON



MAJOR THOMAS TULLY  
Secretary

THE WOMEN'S JUBILEE OFFERING TO THE QUEEN

PEARL AND DIAMOND NECKLACE AND EARRINGS PURCHASED FROM THE BALANCE OF THE FUND LEFT AFTER ERECTING A NEW STATUE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT, AT WINDSOR, AND FOUNDING A NEW NURSING INSTITUTION

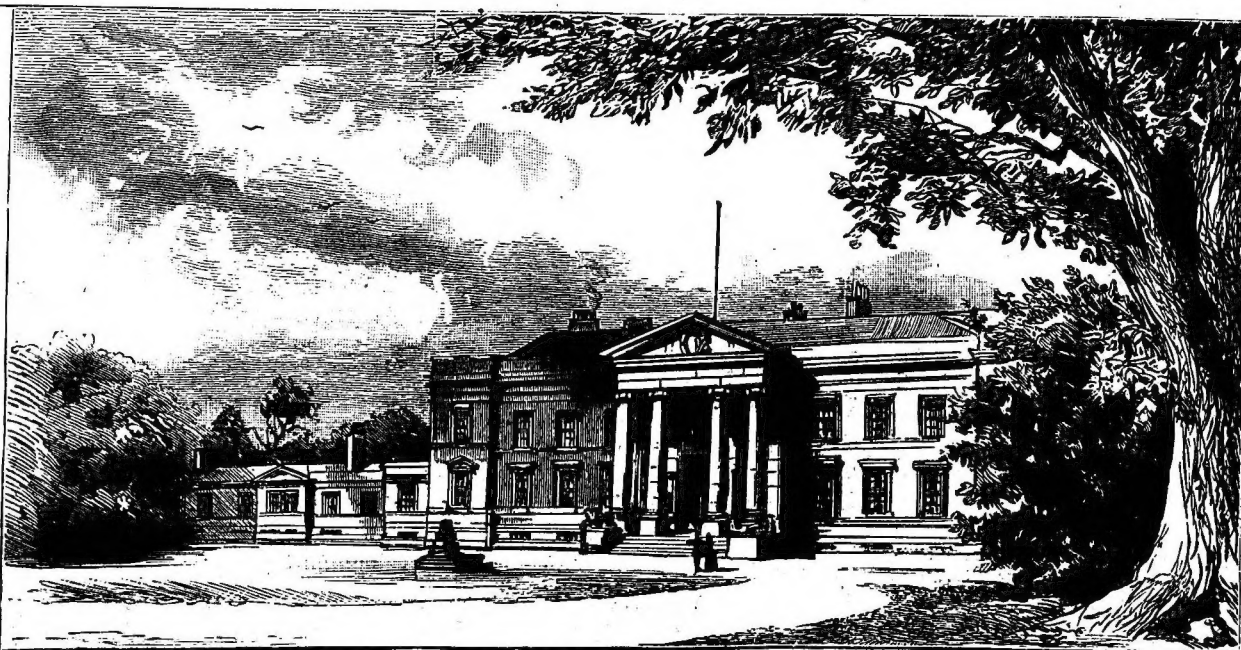




THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, OPENED BY HER MAJESTY



IN THE CORRIDOR, BLYTHWOOD HOUSE



BLYTHWOOD HOUSE



CORNER NEAR THE CROSS, RENFREW



RENFREW, THE EAST END

VIEWS OF RENFREW AND OF BLYTHWOOD HOUSE, THE SEAT OF SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, WHERE THE QUEEN WILL STAY DURING HER VISIT

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW



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## THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

MORE will, of course, be known later on, when the official report is made public, but already even ignorant civilians can see that these operations have afforded some valuable experience. As regards ship-building, one of the lessons which seem to have been taught is, that simplicity of construction, where possible, is preferable to complexity. At all events, the record of the older vessels was less disappointing than that of the newer ones. Such veterans as the *Black Prince*, *Hercules*, and *Devastation* proved themselves more satisfactory sea-boats than the *Hero* and the *Suvern*, with all their modern appliances, while as a despatch boat the *Sandfly* left much to be desired, as she so often had to put into port or lay by for repairs. Before the manœuvres began, the Admiralty submitted eight questions to the respective captains of the ships engaged, and these questions have been practically answered by the experiences of the last few weeks. It would seem, for instance, that there was something defective, either as regards composition or numbers, in Admiral Baird's squadron, or the blockaded vessels would not have escaped so easily, running the gauntlet of the foe with scarcely any occasion to fire a shot. Concerning scouts, the general verdict seems to be that there was a great want of such vessels, and that in future every iron-clad should have her despatch-boat, small, swift, and sea-worthy, not complicated and fragile after the *Sandfly* pattern. Turning next to the torpedo-boats; as forming part of an off-shore blockading squadron, they were able to accomplish very little, because, although the sea was remarkably smooth, they broke down one after another under the strain of continuous work, the officers and crews also being worn out with fatigue. At Bantry Bay they were more successful, because they were able to run into little harbours to refit. It is doubtful whether in real war they would have been allowed this privilege. We must not, however, underrate the value of torpedo-boats as aggressors against a blockading fleet. So long as the water is smooth, they are perpetually popping out, and necessitating consequently a most wearisome vigilance on the part of the enemy, the sea-going efficiency of whose ships moreover is seriously impaired by the crinoline which they have to wear as a protection against these submarine dangers. Without coal to afford them the means of propulsion, our modern sea-monsters are not much more formidable than so many washing-tubs. It is, therefore, a matter of vital importance to know whether an ironclad can, while at sea, take in speedily a fresh supply of coals. The experience afforded by the Manœuvres is disappointing in this respect. In perfectly smooth water it took the *Invincible* eight hours to get 200 tons of coal on board. For their sixth question the Admiralty asked what were the best means of obtaining information as to the movements of hostile cruisers, and the answer supplied by the Manœuvres is that the coast-guardsmen, whose stations are dotted all round our coasts, are just the boys for this business; and that they should be encouraged to further efficiency by an investigation and redress of their grievances, for grievances they have. The question regarding signals is more easily asked than answered. It is found that during a night attack, with lights and rockets all around, to say nothing of clouds of smoke, private signals become practically useless. The last question treats of the special dangers of a blockading squadron, and how they can best be guarded against. The first part of this inquiry is more easily answered than the second. Admiral Baird could not protect himself against torpedo attack; he ran short of coals; and he did not know what had become of the enemy. Against these mischiefs a fleet of strong, swift despatch-boats would, as aforesaid, be an efficient preventive.

Next for a brief description of our sketches. On July 28th, at 3 A.M., while the *Spider* was proceeding in search of the enemy, she sighted the *Inconstant* under easy steam off Malin Head. She immediately increased speed, and, arriving unobserved within a distance of 300 yards, successfully fired two torpedoes at her. The *Spider* was saluted with a few rifle-shots in reply, but, from her high rate of speed, was practically out of danger in a few minutes. The night was dark, with heavy rain, and the *Spider*, owing to her approach "bows on," was almost invisible. On July 27th the *Tartar* was ordered to cruise near the entrance of Lough Swilly, in order to cut off the retreat of the *Amphion*, who was scouting in the neighbourhood. For awhile the *Amphion* paid no attention to her foe, but about 4 P.M. she turned the tables by charging her at full speed, and did not desist till she saw the other ships of the blockading squadron heading for her. The torpedo-boats depicted on the same page as the foregoing incident are those which accompanied the *Mercury* on her way to Lamlash. One of the sketches shows how they behave in a breeze of wind. The attack on the *Active* took place off Berehaven on the night of July 31st. The torpedo-boat declares that she certainly sank (theoretically) her opponent. No description is needed of the "tops" of the *Collingwood* in action, but a few words may be devoted to the next subject, which is a lighter character. After blockading the enemy for four weeks in Bantry Bay without going on shore once, the first sight of a petticoat which greeted the crew of the *Collingwood* off Ramsgate had a great effect on those both on or off duty. The former assembled on the quarter-deck with their spy-glasses; the latter crowded to the port-holes. "Signalling under Difficulties" shows the *Collingwood* in a gale of wind, when the sea was washing over the deck. "Preparing for a Night Attack on board the *Rupert*" depicts the following incident. "The boats of the Blockading Squadron had made persistent endeavours to force a passage across the *Rupert's* bows, and to

torpedo her and her companions as they lay at anchor. These attempts, however, were invariably foiled, and the boats driven off without difficulty." Respecting "Taking in Booms and Torpedo Nets," it was originally anticipated that Admiral Baird's six torpedo-boats would attack the booms and mines, but the assault never came off, and therefore they were taken all to pieces, the materials being distributed among the various ships which had contributed towards their construction. These defences had cost much labour, and promised to be very effective; it seems, therefore, a pity that they were not practically tested by an assault.

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW

BLYTHSWOOD, Renfrewshire; where the Queen has been staying during her visit to Glasgow, is situated on the Clyde, about eight miles below the town, and is the property of Sir Archibald Campbell, M.P. The present mansion was built in 1820 by the last proprietor but one, Major Archibald Campbell, who was Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and M.P. for the Glasgow District of Burgh, to replace an older structure which stood nearer the river. The house is of fine white freestone, and commands a splendid view over the wide valley of the Clyde from the western windows. It is on this side of the house that are situated the "Green Rooms," which are *en suite*, and have been redecorated for Her Majesty's visit. The house was erected from designs by the well-known Scottish architect, Gillespie Graham, and is considered one of his best works—the rooms and sculpture gallery being much admired for their proportions. The picture collection contains numerous good portraits and other paintings, including some fine examples of Sidney Cooper, Buckner, Hoppner, Ansdell, and an early painting, by Orchardson, of Prince Charlie entering a robbers' cave. The Scottish painters, Sir Walter Gordon and Sir Daniel Macnee, are also represented. The grounds are very picturesque, and the avenues and plantations were famed for their beauty as far back as 1700. Blythswood was visited by Sir Walter Scott, who was a distant cousin of the Campbells, and who mentions in his diary the Argyll Stone, which is situated in the grounds, and states how the Highland drovers break through the fences to see it. It was there that the Earl of Argyll was taken prisoner in 1685, and certain stains on the stone are said to have been caused by his blood. Sir Robert Peel was entertained at Blythswood as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, while in 1876 the Prince and Princess of Wales stayed there when visiting the Royal Burgh of Renfrew. The late Duke of Albany also paid Blythswood a visit in 1874, and also together with the Duchess in 1882, when they planted trees in the park. The Royal Burgh of Renfrew, from which the Prince of Wales takes his earliest title—Baron Renfrew—is at the Park gates, and Paisley, with its venerable abbey, is three miles to the south.

The property came into the possession of the family in the time of Charles I. in 1647. The first proprietor was Colin Campbell of Elie, descended from the Ardkinglass branch of the Argyll family, whose first ancestor was Colin, brother of Duncan, first Lord of Argyll, in the fifteenth century. The present "Blythswood" Sir Archibald was of the family of Douglas of Mains, in the neighbouring county. His father succeeded to Blythswood in 1838 as heir of entail, and assumed the name and arms of Campbell; the families of Douglas and Campbell had intermarried in 1704. The property of Mains has belonged to this branch of the House of Douglas since 1373. A peerage was conferred upon Robert Douglas of Mains in 1633, when he was created Viscount Belhaven; he was Master of the Horse to Prince Henry of Wales, and afterwards Controller of the Household to Charles I. The title is extinct, Sir Archibald Campbell being the lineal descendant of the Viscount, elder brother of Sir Alexander.

## THE GLASGOW AND RENFREW CASKETS

THESE two caskets, which contained the Addresses presented to Her Majesty at Glasgow and at Renfrew, are exceedingly handsome, and are the work of Messrs. Robert and William Sorley, of Glasgow.

In the front centre of the Glasgow Casket in chased work is a view of the new Municipal Buildings from George Square, with a small sketch on each side representing Railway and Shipping Commerce. On the back is a view of the Glasgow Exhibition. At one end is the College, and the other the University, while at each of the corners are modelled figures representing Art, Science, Commerce, and Agriculture. On the lid above the buildings are the Glasgow Arms, on the opposite side the Scottish Lion and Shield, on the top the Royal Arms. The ornamentation on the lid is in high relief in polished and dead, or frosted gold. The casket is enclosed in a case of green velvet, green being the customary colour for Glasgow Corporation presentations.

The Renfrew Casket is oblong, with sharp corners. In the top are the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre. The lid is flat, chased and engraved work, surrounded by twelve Scotch pebbles. The sides are dead gold, with etched scroll work. In the centre are the Royal Arms, with Stuart Arms to the right, and the Burgh of Renfrew Arms to the left. At the back is the Blythswood Testimonial, with the old and new Town Halls on each side, and at the ends are the Steam Ferry and a large Atlantic liner. These subjects are all engraved on polished gold, and underneath these, in flat chased work or ornamentation, are a number of Scotch pebbles inlaid, these stones being cut carbuncle shape. This casket is lined with silk of the Royal Stuart Tartan pattern, and the casket itself is in a red morocco covered case. The entire ornamentation is pure Celtic.

## THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW

GLASGOW is ambitious to be second only to London, and the New Municipal Buildings, inaugurated by the Queen on Wednesday, is the greatest architectural work of the century in Scotland, and the largest building erected in the United Kingdom since the completion of the Royal Courts of Justice in London. The execution of the work has occupied more than five years, and the cost of the buildings exceeds 500,000*l.* The design was selected in an open competition, in which 125 designs were sent in; and the author of the selected design, Mr. William Young of London, has carried out to completion a building of which the people of Glasgow are justly proud.

The building occupies one of the finest sites in the city, on the west side of George Square West, and has frontages to George Square, George Street, John Street, and Cochrane Street, with a beautiful quadrangle in the centre of the block. The whole design is a free treatment of Italian Renaissance. Each front, both to the streets and the quadrangle, is different in design, giving individual character to each of the *façades*, while at the same time unity is given to the whole composition by repeating the four corner towers, and a skilful grouping of the masses in the general composition. The architect has throughout aimed at avoiding ornamental carving, with a view to introduce sculpture as much as possible; and this has been done to a larger extent than in any modern building.

The sculpture subject in the central pediment represents the Jubilee of Queen Victoria, and was executed by Mr. G. A. Lawson during the Jubilee Year. The spandrels of the arches to the windows of the principal floor have figure subjects, more than life-size, representing the various trades and industries of the city; while over the principal entrance there is a frieze sixty feet long, representing Religion, Virtue, and Knowledge, supporting the Glasgow coat of arms, "Let Glasgow flourish."

The interior of the building has been as carefully studied as the exterior. The principal entrance is through a noble loggia, sixty feet by sixty feet, divided into three bays by granite columns, and intersected by a transept. The ceiling is groined, with domes at the

intersection of the transept arches, and is entirely executed in Venetian mosaic, the walls being of stone, relieved by granite and marble. This loggia leads to the two principal staircases, that to the Banqueting Hall having the walls, balustrade, and floors entirely of marble and alabaster; the other stair, to the Council Chamber, being executed of stone and alabaster.

The principal rooms have been carried out in a manner worthy of the building, some having panellings of satin-wood, and others of amber-wood, mahogany, teak, and walnut.

One of the principal corridors, executed *in facie*, is one of the most beautiful specimens of this class of work.

## THE WOMEN'S JUBILEE OFFERING TO HER MAJESTY

THE amount raised by the Committee of the Women's Jubilee Offering was 84,116*l.*, and after setting aside 70,000*l.* for the proposed Nursing Fund, and the cost of the statue of the late Prince Consort, there remained a surplus of some 5,000*l.* This it was decided by very general desire to devote to the purchase of a personal present to the Queen—in the words of the Countess of Strafford, the President of the Committee, "that the Queen should have something to wear," as a reminder of the three million subjects who contributed to the fund. Several leading firms of London jewellers were accordingly desired to send in designs, and finally that sent in by Messrs. Carrington of Regent Street was accepted. This, as our illustration shows, consisted of a pearl and diamond necklace and earrings, and was presented to Her Majesty on July 31st, by the Duchess of Buccleugh, President of the Committee of Selection. In a subsequent letter Her Majesty expressed her "warmest and most heartfelt thanks" to the women of Great Britain and Ireland for the present, and concluded, "I shall wear with pride and pleasure the beautiful necklace and earrings which they have so kindly given me, as a precious token of their affection and loyalty." The necklace is composed of diamond trefoils with a pearl in centre of each; the centre, forming a pendant or brooch at pleasure, is a quatrefoil of diamonds with a very fine pearl in centre and pearl drop. The snap is in the form of a royal crown, composed of diamonds, with two pearls forming as it were the cushion of the crown, and this snap can be attached to the centre pendant or worn separately as a brooch, there being another pearl and diamond snap of a simpler kind which harmonises with the necklace. The whole can be taken to pieces and be worn as separate ornaments for the hair, on velvet, or as brooches. The earrings consist of two button pearls of considerable size, surrounded by diamond trefoils to match the necklace. The whole is fitted into a red morocco case, ornamented with a gold plate on the outside, bearing the following inscription:—"To Victoria, Queen and Empress, a token of Love and Loyalty from the Daughters of Her Empire, in remembrance of Her Jubilee, June 21st, 1887," and fitted with a gold key with monogram of V.R.I.—The portrait (from a photograph by Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.) in the corner of the engraving is that of Major Tully, who acted as Secretary to the Committee. Major Tully's work as secretary to the Royal Military Tournament is too well known to need further mention here, beyond that the sum of 17,000*l.* was contributed to the Cambridge Fund for Old and Disabled Soldiers during the six years he held office. It was on account of his services in that direction, as also in connection with the Egyptian Imperial War Fund, that he was selected as secretary to the Women's Jubilee Offering Committee.

## TWO NOVELTIES IN THE ZOO

THE young chimpanzee, one of the most recent additions to the Zoological Gardens, is named "Jennie," and arrived from Sierra Leone some weeks since. It has been deposited with the Society by Mr. Swanzy, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, the assistant superintendent of the Gardens, going to Liverpool to meet his new charge and bring her to London. On her arrival in the Gardens she was placed in the apartment adjoining that occupied by the well-known "Sally." Although the Society at various times has received nearly forty specimens of this species of anthropoid ape, nearly all of them have arrived in such a sickly condition that they have been unable to withstand the rigour of our climate for more than a few days. About fourteen years ago one known as "Joe" lived for three years, and "Sally" has been in the Gardens for five years. These two cases, however, are very conspicuous exceptions, and all interested in the matter will therefore be glad to hear that "Jennie" arrived in good health and spirits, apparently none the worse for her journey. If her owner intends leaving her with the Society, which, as her chances of life are greater under the experienced care she will there receive, it is hoped he will do, the keepers having such a good start may succeed in rearing her. None of the previous specimens have arrived at such a tender age, for "Jennie" cannot be much over eighteen months old, and none of them have possessed such a quaint, old-fashioned face, which is the nearest resemblance to a human countenance which we have yet seen in the animal world. She is very docile and intelligent, likes being petted, cries if she is left alone, and in her playful moments romps about in her cage with the zest of a child. To watch her antics as she climbs about on the bars, or rolls over in play, is quite a fascinating amusement, and the absurd way in which every now and then she sits down and, deliberately folding her arms, proceeds to pinch her weazen little face into grotesque grimaces at her keeper, is irresistibly comical.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Major J. Fortnott Nott, F.Z.S.

Our illustration of the tiger cub is from a photograph sent by Dr. Henry Buck, of Clapton. The mother of the cub was shot by Mr. Markham, C.S., in the Bignor district, India, Mr. Ribbentrop, the Inspector-General of Forests, Sir Edward C. Buck, and Mr. Reginald Burd being the rest of the party. On the previous day the tigress had killed a large panther, which, it was supposed, the anxious mother was afraid would attack the cubs. A grand fight must have occurred for the natives who reported it say the roaring was terrific. Sir Edward Buck secured the cub, which is now about five months old, and it was at first fed entirely on milk out of a bottle, as represented in the engraving. The milk diet proved too rich, and a "committee of doctors" having "sat upon" it, it was decided to bring it up on raw beef juice, on which diet it apparently thrived. It had for some time as its playfellow a little pariah puppy, which was called "the poor companion." The dog was not in the least afraid of the cub, although the latter often jumped on its playmate as if about to kill it. The little puppy, however, would drive the aggressor off with a snap and a yap, and showed itself the master. The cub was brought to England by Mr. E. J. Buck, of Dhariwal, Punjab, in the P. and O. steamer *Ballarad*. It is quite tame, and was an immense favourite and pet amongst the passengers, one American gentleman offering a large sum for it. It was first taken to Dr. Buck's house at Clapton, where it played with his children in the garden, and on the 13th inst. was conveyed to the Zoological Gardens.

## MANCHESTER BOYS' CAMP AT BOWDON, CHESHIRE

LAST year a number of the lads belonging to the Hulme and Chorlton-on-Medlock Lads' Club, situated in Mulberry Street, Hulme, were taken to Strines, in Derbyshire, to spend a few days under canvas. The experiment was so successful, and gave such pleasure to the lads, that it was determined to repeat it this year during Whit-week, which is always a period of holiday-making in Lancashire. The programme was as follows:—A camp was formed on the ground of the shooting range at Bowdon, Cheshire, which



was kindly lent for the occasion. Tents were erected for sleeping, kitchens for cooking food, and a canteen and large mess tent were provided for use in the evenings. Each day the lads were to undergo a short drill, and, for the sake of discipline, the routine of a regular military camp was preserved. The amusements provided consisted of cricket and football matches, swimming and bathing, athletic sports, and, in the evenings, concerts and entertainments. There were five hundred applicants for the trip, but the resources of the committee were insufficient to take more than 180. The camp, which is the rifle-range of the Third Cheshire Volunteers, is situated on the banks of the Bollin, not far from New Bridge Hollow, on the old Roman road to Chester. It lies in a sheltered position amid undulating ground. Some twenty conical-shaped tents were provided, with wooden floors, each accommodating some ten lads. Besides these, there were the officials' quarters, a large marquee for a mess-room, and a wooden structure for a kitchen. The cooking operations were carried on over trench-fires in the open air. Mr. Alexander Devine, the originator of the scheme and commander-in-chief of the forces, found the lads wonderfully amenable to discipline. The reveille sounded at six A.M., when the boys turned out and washed. Then the morning parade was held. Breakfast followed, both it and the subsequent meals being announced by bugle-call. Lads who were belated were punished by being sentenced to "potato-drill," that is, to peel the potatoes for their own and their companions' dinners. From the reveille until "lights out" was sounded at ten P.M., the bulk of the time was the lads' own. It was a great pleasure to see so many lads, some of whom are from almost the lowest class, and who, but a short time ago, were spending their leisure hours in the streets, now enjoying the liberty of country fields, and fast becoming tanned with fresh air and sunshine. The tents were struck, and the camp broken up on the Monday following Whit Monday.

#### KING JA JA OF OPOBO

THIS dusky monarch has been deposed and deported to St. Vincent by the British Government for breaking certain treaty provisions, insulting our Vice-Consul, and doing his utmost to thwart our endeavours to establish free trade in his district of Western Africa. King Ja Ja has always endeavoured to exclude white men from trading with the interior of his State, and, though a commercial treaty was concluded with him in 1873, by which it was held that he undoubtedly gave free access to the Opopo markets, he has always acted upon the strictest protectionist principles, and not only has made charges upon certain goods passing through his territory which were permitted to him, but made others which he had no right to levy. This was pronounced to be a violation of the treaty by Lord Rosebery, who moreover considered that our relations with the King were limited to a later treaty of 1884, which bound Ja Ja to act under the advice of Her Majesty's Consul. For some time the contention continued, the British endeavouring to establish free trade, and the King declaring that he would not allow trade with his markets unless it passed through his hands. By his agreement, the King was bound to allow free access to the upper markets, but when our Vice-Consul, Mr. H. H. Johnston, went up the river to open the markets, he was resisted, molested, threatened with sticks and with firearms, and forced to return. Upon this, Consul Johnston summoned the King on board a British ship of war to answer for his offences. When he came on board he was informed that he would be removed to Accra for the inquiry. At the same time he was told he was free to go away, but that if he went, and that if there were any attempt to resist the authority of the Consul, undoubtedly hostilities would be resorted to. The Home Government approved Consul Johnston's proceedings, and the inquiry was held under the presidency of Admiral Sir W. Hunt Grubbe, who was considered to be likely to be more impartial and more trusted by the natives than any other officer on the coast. The charge against the King was considered proved, and it was deemed advisable that he should be removed, at any rate for a time, from the coast of Africa, where his influence was extraordinary. As Sir J. Fergusson remarked in explaining the circumstances of the King's trial to the House of Commons, the King possessed one of those curious superstitious influences occasionally exercised by a negro over his fellows. Sir J. Fergusson also remarked that the King was "a savage with qualities which had made him popular with natives, and if he had not listened to bad advice he would have been a favourite still. Unfortunately, he received bad advice—he would not listen to the warnings that were given him by the Consul and Her Majesty's Government." The King was taken to St. Vincent, where the old Government House has been set aside for his accommodation. He is treated with consideration, and not like a prisoner, and when a settled form of Government has been established in the Opopo region he will probably be allowed to return to his country.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Charles E. Akers, Accra, Gold Coast.

#### KING ALFONSO XIII. OF SPAIN

THIS young monarch, who has reached the mature age of two years and two months, has already taken part in various State ceremonies, and, on the opening of the Barcelona Exhibition, sat on the throne with all becoming gravity and dignity. It is refreshing to see, however, that, in private life, he is not above the usual pastimes of the nursery, and that he can mount and ride his mimic charger—which is covered with the skin of a favourite pony which belonged to his mother—with apparently as much enjoyment as any other infant, in white frock and pink ribbons, and as though his infantile head were not weighted with a European crown. Our engraving is from a vigorous painting by Professor Koppay, which is now being exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall. The picture was painted by the express order of the Queen Regent, who, indeed, has given the artist seven commissions for portraits.

Professor Koppay is a Hungarian by birth. He was a pupil of Makart, and is well known in Germany for his portraits, while a large number of Royal European personages have sat to him. His painting of the late King of Bavaria lying in state, which was published in *The Graphic* (June 26th, 1886), was painted in the course of one night, and has been widely reproduced. At present he has a portrait of Prince Bismarck on his easel, an order from the Chancellor's son, Count Herbert Bismarck.

#### THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL, III.

See page 217.

#### "OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES"

An article on this subject is printed on the back of the Supplement.

#### "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 221.

#### SCARBOROUGH ILLUSTRATED

SCARBOROUGH and Brighton alike claim the title of "Queen of English watering-places." They may well divide the honour, for if Brighton stands first in point of size and extent of sea-front, her Yorkshire rival carries off the palm for picturesque situation and surroundings. Seaward, Scarborough looks out over a wide bay and bold coast scenery fringing the German Ocean, with Filey Brigg and Flamborough Head far off to the south. Inland, the hills and wooded dales stretch away to the distant moors. And the town itself widely differs from the ordinary type of English sea-side resort. Looking from the sea—the best point of view—Scarborough rises from the sands in amphitheatre form: the Spa and gardens in

the foreground, light bridges spanning the ravine between the cliffs, and the Castle ruins standing out sharply on the promontory to the north. This headland distinctly cuts Scarborough into two sections, the North and South Bays—the practical and the fashionable. On the South Cliff and Bay, are the modern and handsomer quarters, the Spa, the finest hotels and—the highest prices. The North Bay is more modest in both cost and architecture, and is generally chosen by large families, or by those who like to be quiet. On this latter side, the air is rather more bracing and the bathing less crowded; while the North Bay further claims its own pier, and lies the harbour, which is of considerable importance, being the best view of the Castle. Under the shelter of the promontory only place of refuge between Tynemouth and the Humber. Thence the fishing quarter stretches up the centre of the town into the old borough, and Newborough.

There is a general atmosphere of vitality and brightness about Scarborough which at once puts everybody in good spirits. Life here has less of English stiffness and more of Continental open-air enjoyment, thanks chiefly to the Spa—that successful copy of a foreign Casino or Kursaal. Standing in charming grounds, which extend in terraces up the cliffside, the Spa buildings include concert-hall, theatre, reading-rooms, &c., the roof of the structure being laid out as a promenade. Under the adjoining colonnade visitors shelter from the sun or rain to listen to the excellent band which plays morning and evening, and which is far above the average of sea-side music. Just by the entrance are the mineral springs—chalybeate and salt waters—and along the sea-front runs a spacious terrace overhanging the sands, crowded at band-time. Hence select society, in the morning, watches the bathers down below, or the "trippers"—Yorkshire for excursionists—careering wildly over the sands on donkeys or unlucky screws of horses. Burly mill-hands and factory lasses simply pour in from the manufacturing towns. Indeed, the "trippers" form one of the chief Scarborough features, as characteristic as the bright yellow doorsteps, and the enormous quantities of cakes for sale—notably the Yorkshire "parkin." The little ones have their "Children's Corner" on the sands at the end of the grounds, whence they tempt the elders, also, to wander two miles away to Cornelian Bay, a famous hunting-ground for shells and pebbles. These sand rambles are delightful, but it is necessary to consider the tides, or unwary walkers will have to clamber up the cliffs. Otherwise there is little need for climbing even in hilly Scarborough, for hydraulic lifts at three different points convey lazy people from the sands to the cliffs. Further the ravine in the middle of the town is bridged by two handsome spans—the Cliff Bridge, leading to the Spa, and the Valley Bridge over the pretty park which runs up the Ramsdale Valley from the sea.

While morning and evening are devoted to the sands and the Spa, the afternoon is generally given up to excursions. There is the Castle close by, very dilapidated, but picturesque, its walls battered by several sieges, and finally ruined in the Civil War, when the Roundheads are said to have fixed their batteries on Oliver's Mount, the height to the south of the town, called after Cromwell. This tradition is less satisfactory than the extensive view. Donkey-rides to Scalby Mills, on the way to Whitby, are much favoured, with a halt for afternoon tea, and a sea-view over the north coast. Five miles further lies Hayburn Wyke, where a brook flows through a lovely valley to the sea. And everybody drives to Forge Valley and Hackness, in the Pickering district, which shows at its best in autumn, when the woods overhanging the river are clothed in russet garb. If the country tries, there is plenty of good fishing in Scarborough Bay, whence a few hours' rocking in a lugger sends the amateur fisherman home with a plentiful booty of gurnet, whiting, and smaller fry, and a capital appetite for solid Yorkshire fare.



POLITICAL.—Within a week of the adjournment of Parliament Mr. Gladstone has resumed political oratory. On Monday a party of his admirers from the Staffordshire Potteries went to Hawarden to present him with a handsome vase, designed and executed at Burslem. Contrary to their own expectation he addressed them not only on the history of English pottery, but in a long political oration, which ranks among the most virulent of his many assaults on the Government and on those of his former colleagues who refused assent to the Home Rule Bills now abandoned by himself. If old age has not diminished Mr. Gladstone's volubility, it has certainly impaired his memory. His attack on the Government for placing political prisoners in Ireland on an equality with felons was made in striking forgetfulness of the fact that, only a few years ago, when he himself was Prime Minister, they were subjected to exactly the treatment which he denounces now. The failure of his memory leads him to forget not only what he has done, but what he has both written and printed. He accused the Government, in classing political prisoners with ordinary criminals, of treating them as even King Bomba refrained from treating Poerio and his fellow-prisoners in the Neapolitan dungeons, whose cause he championed in his famous letters to Lord Aberdeen. A correspondent of the *Times* on Wednesday confutes Mr. Gladstone by quotations from those letters, in one of which he gives a description of Poerio himself "whilst he stood before me amidst surrounding felons, and clad in the vile uniform of guilt and shame." Other and still stronger statements by Mr. Gladstone to the same effect were quoted from the Letters. To all these he has given one of the lamest rejoinders on record. He maintains that he was referring only to a solitary case of a Neapolitan political prisoner whom he visited, and who lived in a cell by himself, and who was never forced into the company of felons. But the unqualified statement which he made at Hawarden was: "Bad as the Government of Naples and of King Bomba was, he did not put his political prisoners into the company of felons."—Lord Hartington has written a letter in which, on both personal and political grounds, he highly commends the action of the Unionists of the Border Burghs (from the representation of which Sir George Trevelyan was ejected by the Gladstonians when he became temporarily a Unionist) in selecting for their candidate at the next election Mr. Austen Chamberlain, son of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.—A Liberal Unionist Association has been formed in South Kensington, with Mr. Chamberlain as its President, the Earl of Morley and Viscount Harberton Vice-Presidents, and Mr. A. Craig-Sellar, M.P., Chairman.—The well-known and veteran Conservative, Mr. Christopher Sykes, who has been for twenty years a representative in some form of the East Riding of Yorkshire, is about to vacate his seat for the Buckrose Division of that Riding. Mr. Angus Holden, of Bradford, is to be the Gladstonian candidate; the Hon. Guy Dawnay, who represented the North Riding 1880-85, and was Surveyor-General of the Ordnance in Lord Salisbury's last Administration, will probably be selected by the Conservatives. At the General Election of 1886 Mr. Sykes was nominally defeated by a majority of one, but on a scrutiny the seat was adjudged to him.

THE QUEEN has presented to Lord Wolseley, for his lifetime, the house and grounds of the Ranger of Greenwich Park.

A CONFERENCE is soon to be held between the Organising Committee of the Imperial Institute and representatives of

Chambers of Commerce and other trade associations, at which will be discussed a series of important suggestions, published this week, for the collection and diffusion of commercial and other useful information to all parts of the empire.

IRELAND.—Archbishops Walsh and Croke have each subscribed 50*l.* to a fund which is being opened to defray the cost of Mr. Parnell's action for libel against the *Times*, which, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, is not to collapse, as at least two of the Edinburgh agents, it asserts, against whom arrestments were made at Mr. Parnell's instance, then owed money to the *Times*, the jurisdiction of the Scotch Courts, it is argued, being thus established.—A striking illustration of the beauties of the savage system which Mr. Gladstone palliates by speaking of it as merely "exclusive dealing," has just been given in County Clare. Two sisters, dressmakers at Labasheeda, near Kildysart, perpetrated the atrocious crime of holding intercourse with the family of a police-sergeant who, like all the members of the force in the district, is boycotted. The sisters were for this offence boycotted in their turn. The farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood who had given them work took it from them, and at last they were actually starved out of Labasheeda. In despair, they started for Kildysart, but broke down on the way, and the police brought them on, weak and ill, to that place, where they were committed to the care of a medical man. The result of their sufferings has been the insanity of both of these unfortunate women.

THE VOLUNTEERS.—Lieutenant-General Lord Abinger, who formerly commanded the Scots Guards, has been appointed to the command of the West London Volunteer Infantry Brigade recently constituted under the mobilisation scheme for home defence.—The Second Division of the Artillery Volunteers, composed mainly of Northern members of the force, have been this week hard at work at Shoburyness. In the first competition, shell practice at 1,600 yards, the four prizes were gained; in the following order, by No. 1 detachment of the 1st Forfar (Broughty), No. 2 of Hants (Portsmouth), No. 8 of 2nd Durham (Seaham), and No. 4 of 2nd East York (Hull). In the first competition with the 40-pounder breech-loading Armstrong at 1,600 yards range the four prizes were won, in the following order, by No. 1 detachment of the 1st Cheshire and Carnarvon (Carnarvon), No. 1 of the 4th Durham, No. 2 of the 4th Durham, and No. 1 of the 1st Cheshire and Carnarvon (Egremont). The Queen's Prize was won on Wednesday by No. 6 detachment of Second Essex (Stratford), and the Prince of Wales's prize by the 1st Forfarshire (Broughty). In the second Armstrong competition, range increased to 2,000 yards, all the four prizes went to Yorkshire corps in the following order:—No. 1 detachment (Whitby) First East York; No. 1 Second East York; No. 2, Fourth West York; No. 1 (Scarborough) First East York. The Scotland Challenge Cup was awarded to the First North York (Middlesbrough detachment).—The meeting at Stafford, referred to in this column last week, in favour of selecting Cannock Chase as the site of the new Wimbledon was influentially and numerously attended. Lord Burton spoke strongly in support of the proposal, which is to be further considered at a county meeting.—The Council of the National Rifle Association, Lord Wantage presiding, received on Wednesday an influential deputation from Berkshire, who urged, and that as tested by recent practical experience, the suitability for the new Wimbledon of the Compton Downs, at Churn, adjoining the Didcot, Newbury, and Winchester Railway. Lord Wantage, in the course of his reply, said that the decision of the Council would much depend on the terms which might be offered by the Great Western Railway, or in the case of any other suggested site by the railway company most interested. The final decision of the Council will be formed at its special meeting on September 21st.

OUR OBITUARY records the death, in her forty-fourth year, of Lady Harriet Poore, daughter of the second Earl of Verulam, and Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Duchess of Edinburgh; in her sixty-eighth year, of Lady Gordon Cumming of Altyre; of Lady Hillary, widow of Sir Augustus Hillary, Bart.; in his forty-eighth year, and in London, whither he had come to attend the Lambeth Conference, of the Right Rev. S. T. Harris, Bishop of Michigan; in his seventy-sixth year, of Mr. Henry Richard, Gladstonian M.P. for Merthyr Tydvil, the prominent Liberatorist and spokesman of Welsh grievances, equally well known as for forty years the zealous secretary of the Peace Society and advocate of international arbitration; in his fifty-fourth year, of Mr. John Daly, Parnellite M.P. for Cork from 1880 to 1884; in his fifty-first year, of Dr. Michael Gould, Administrator-General of Madras; in his seventy-third year, of Colonel Augustus T. Rice, late of the 51st Light Infantry who served with great distinction in the Burmese War of 1852; in his sixty-ninth year, of Mr. William H. Bailly, acting paleontologist of the Geological Survey of Ireland—a frequent contributor to the publications of the leading scientific societies, the most important of whose works, "Characteristic British Fossils," he has left uncompleted; in his fifty-sixth year, of Mr. William Eassie, a zealous promoter of and writer on Sanitary Reform, who in 1874 aided in founding the Cremation Society, of which he was honorary secretary, also editing and contributing to its "Transactions"; in his sixty-first year, of Mr. Downing, the public-spirited Deputy Warden of the Stannaries for Devon and Cornwall; and in his sixty-third year, of Captain Graham H. Hills, R.N., for many years Marine Surveyor to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

TWENTY-ONE CROCODILES are loose in the Elbe, near Hamburg, much to the public alarm. They escaped from an African sailing ship which brought them over for various Zoological Gardens.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN GREAT BRITAIN has been little favoured this season, owing to the bad weather. Snowdon in particular has had very rare visitors, few caring to risk the danger of being enveloped in mist and losing their footing over some precipice. They are specially reminded of the danger of mountaineering just now by the erection of a large marble cross on one of the highest spurs, in memory of the young Liverpool lawyer, Mr. A. Evans, who perished from a fall on the mountain last Whit Monday. But British climbers abroad are as active as ever, and an English girl of thirteen has just gained the distinction of being the youngest person to scale Mont Blanc. Miss Flossie Morse and three gentlemen made the ascent in a single day from Chamounix, whereas the trip usually takes two days. The party left Chamounix in the evening, scrambling over the crevasses of the Glacier des Bossons by the aid of lanterns, and such a violent gale was blowing that they had to return once and change their route. Indeed, the strong winds had effectually prevented a previous party from ascending, the climbers taking the advice of their guides, unlike the two young Englishmen who met with the recent fatal accident on the Dent du Midi. Having scaled the Dent, they wanted to descend to the Salvan Pass, and on the guide refusing to take them that way they went on alone, though quite ignorant of the district. The body of the brother who was killed has just been found. The moral of this story is pointed by an English clergyman writing from Chamounix to the London papers, and who urges that the guides' decision as to the possibility of the ascent should always be accepted by tourists, and would often prevent disaster. Now a young German has perished on the Dent by a similar fall to that of the Englishmen, while fresh catastrophe are reported from the Austrian Tyrol. An Englishman, Mr. Reynolds, has died from sunstroke on the Schafberg, near Isch, on Monte Christallo, and in the Dolomites a well-known guide, Innerkofler, perished while trying to save two Munich students who fell into a crevasse.

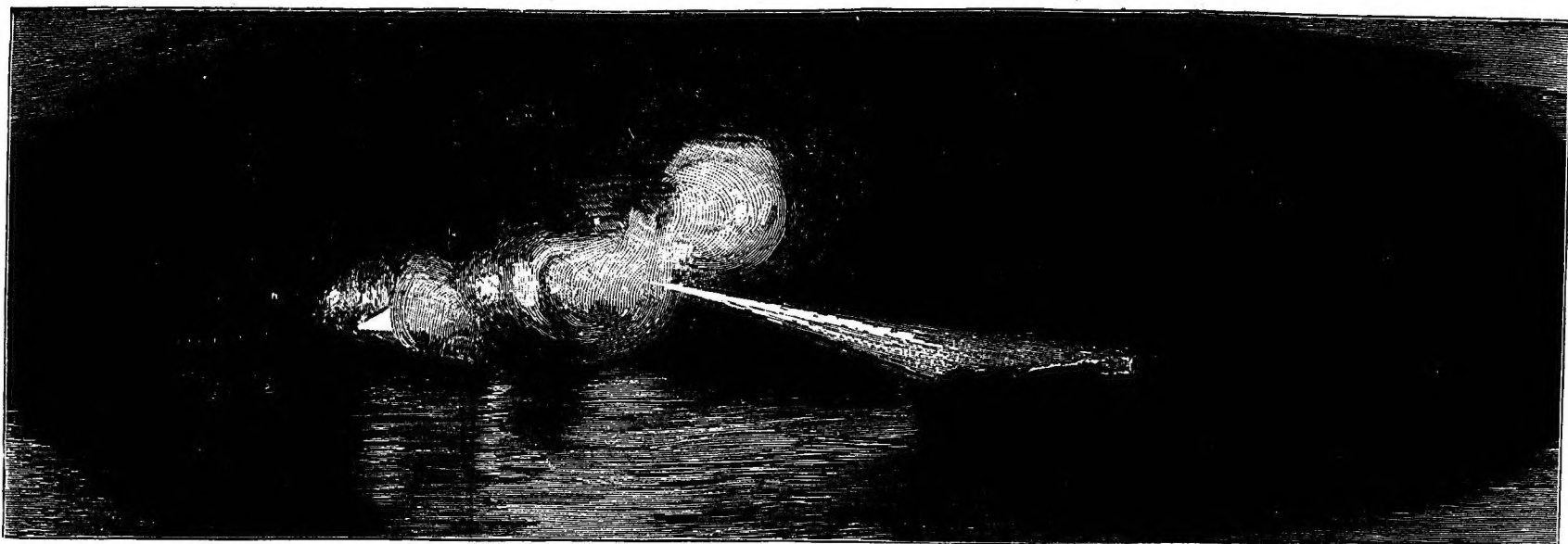




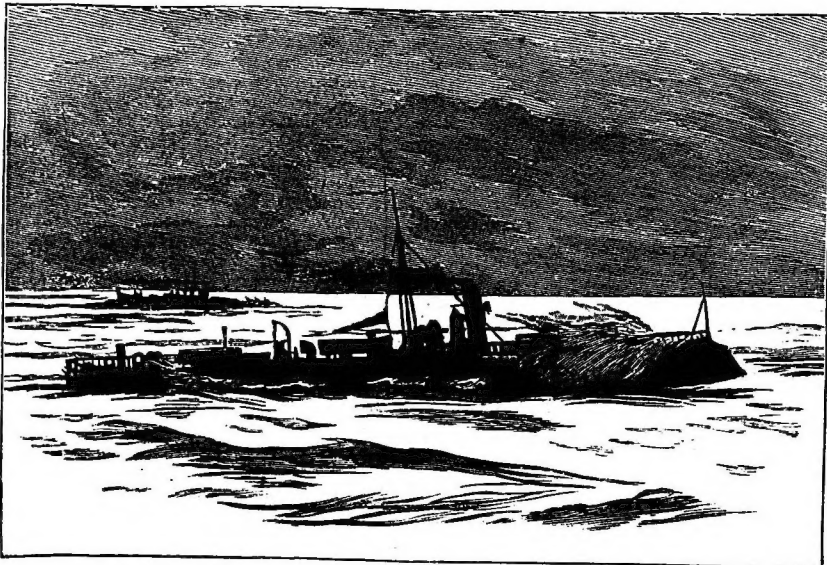
WATERING A TORPEDO BOAT AT SEA FROM THE "MERCURY," IN A BREEZE



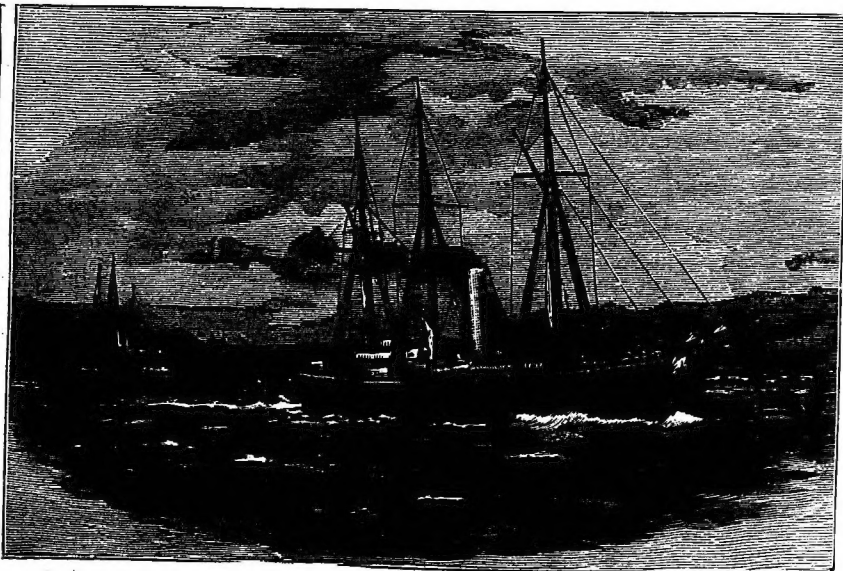
THE "INCONSTANT" SURPRISED AND SUNK BY THE "SPIDER" OFF MALIN HEAD



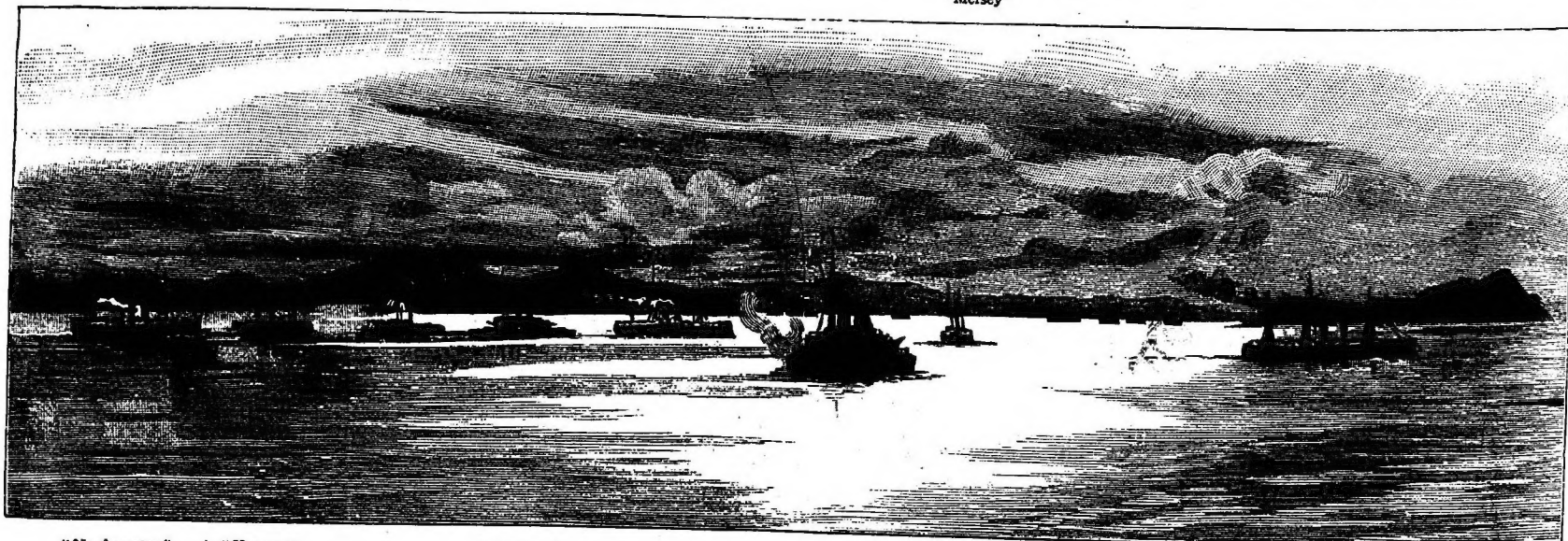
"NO. 78" TORPEDO BOAT ATTACKING THE "ACTIVE" OFF BEREHAVEN



TORPEDO BOATS ACCOMPANYING THE "MERCURY" TO LAMLASH IN A BREEZE  
"Conqueror" "Northumberland"



THE "TARTAR" CHASED BY THE "AMPHION" OFF LOUGH SWILLY  
"Mersey"



"Northampton"

"Hotspur"

"Benbow"

"Iris"

"Rover"

THE BLOCKADE OF "B I" SQUADRON BY "A I" SQUADRON OFF BANTRY BAY

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION  
FROM SKETCHES BY NAVAL OFFICERS



# England's Defences

By C. WILLIAMS

THE bird's-eye view of the greater part of England which we publish to-day will indicate to those who give it due consideration many points of importance in the pending controversy on the subject of our National Defences. Anything which would betray confidential information has been most carefully avoided; and no attempt has been made to define any of our coast defences even in the way in which they have been depicted in official publications. The design has been to give a broad view of the points at which some attempt has been made to protect our coasts, or at which troops of various kinds are available, and to show the railway lines by which troops could be concentrated at any particular place that might be threatened. Where groups of tents are shown, there are our standing camps; where two appear there are barracks, and a *dépôt* for line and militia battalions; where a small square is seen there is at least one volunteer battalion. The first thing, probably, that will strike the reader, is the singularly unprotected state of nearly the whole of our Eastern, and of much of our Southern coast, where alone a sudden attack would be probable, though it cannot be denied that several of our Northern and Western ports and cities are liable to be assailed, now-a-days, by guns of great range, carried in a speedy cruiser. An injury of this sort, however, would not be long unavenged, and it is probably inevitable that such injuries should occur in the course of active hostilities. But they may be left out of calculation for our present purposes. The view on the next page clearly shows that our auxiliary forces are weakest just where they might well be strongest, if we look to probabilities in a national emergency. It is true that the portions of our coast which lend themselves most readily to the designs of an enemy are among those which are most sparsely populated; but the volunteer and militia battalions do not bear a fair proportion even to the small population. And it is worth consideration whether some stimulus might not be given to rural volunteering without any great cost on the part of the Government.

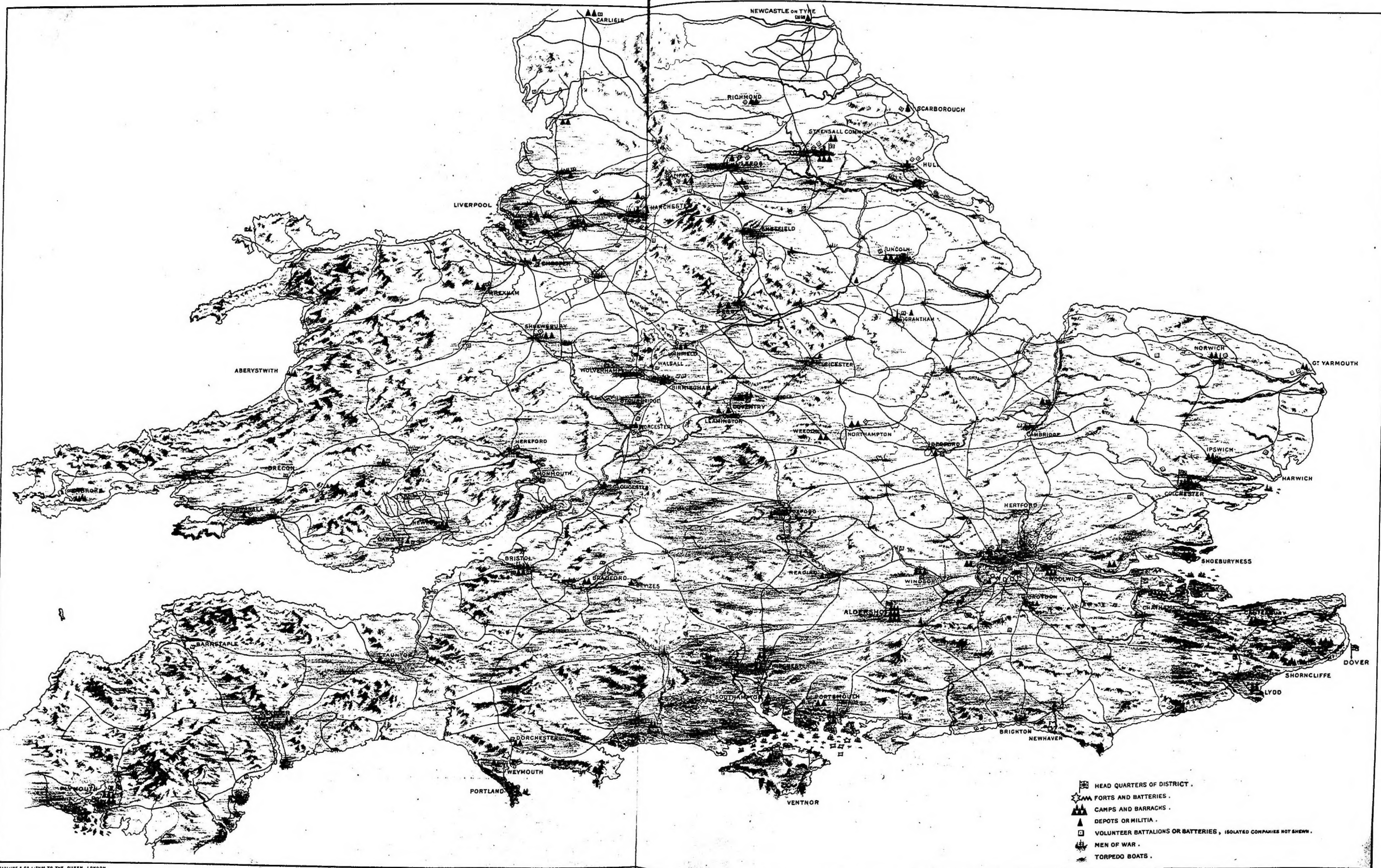
But, of course, nothing that could be done in this way would avail to protect a stretch of menaced shore without help from other quarters, and here our view enables the eye at once to realise how greatly our railway network adds to the potentiality of Great Britain in a defensive aspect. The services of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps—a body which has been described as a regiment of field officers—would be of the greatest value if the national necessity justified the appropriation of the railways to the two primary duties of conveying troops and military material, and of carrying food for the people. But there does not seem to be any very great desire on the part of railway managers to join its ranks. There are nine vacancies among the lieutenant-colonels, and thirteen among the majors, while there are no company-officers whatever, though the corps was designed to include sixty captains and lieutenants, men practically acquainted with the working of railways. It is conceivable that the army would be none the worse if this corps were filled up to something like the number of officers contemplated when it was established in 1865. For the present, its chief value appears to be that it gives some of our railway managers and leading engineers and contractors an opportunity, of which they very seldom avail themselves, to wear uniforms. Still, it is known that the fullest statistics of the capacity of all the railways have been furnished by this corps to the Horse Guards, even though our waggons are not marked, as is the custom on the Continent of Europe, with the number of men and horses each is capable of accommodating.

Nothing is more notable in the view than the apparently exposed condition of our only arsenal. To have our great military manufacturing establishment close by deep water is no doubt of vast advantage, but it is not without risks, and for a score of years past the War Office has been urged to provide a second arsenal, or at least a great military store *dépôt*, in the Midland counties. But nothing has been done, though in the course of time several most eligible sites, with coal and iron close at hand, have been in the market. Perhaps the best of these was Cannock Chase, a few miles west of Lichfield, and having an important railway running through it. Strensall Common, about as far north-east of York, has also been spoken of. It is unnecessary to urge the inexpediency of having all our eggs in one basket; but probably the real reason why the project for a second arsenal has not been carried out is the conviction of the military authorities that Woolwich must be considered an integral part of London; that Woolwich would not fall until the Metropolis fell; and that the fall of London would leave us with no need for an arsenal. Our small-arms establishment at Enfield and our powder manufactory at Waltham Abbey are open to the same objection, and are defensible on the same ground, but it must not be forgotten that there is another Government small-arms factory at Sparkbrook, Birmingham, and that the War Office and Admiralty obtain a large proportion of their powder from private manufacturers. The policy of having a number of dockyards on our southern coasts has been confirmed by the experience of ages, the argument for a central manufacturing arsenal is overwhelming. Nevertheless, it will probably be long before the scheme is realised, the natural tendency of Cabinet Ministers on all such questions being in the direction of Lord Melbourne's favourite expression, "Can't you let it alone?" It may be hoped that due attention, however, will be paid to the subject by the Commission of which Lord Hartington is chairman, and which includes among its members one officer, who was formerly, at any rate, an advocate for a central, or second, arsenal—Lieutenant-General Henry Brackenbury.

The whole problem of national defences really turns on the one point of the defence of London. Cockneys are never tired of telling the wholly fabulous story that Marshal Blucher, looking down on the metropolis from the Dome of St. Paul's, cried out, "Was für plunder!" An he did, he must have spoken very bad German, if he did not mean to say "What rubbish!"—and, indeed, London in those days was chiefly imposing by its size. But the Cockney instinct is right. London is the point for which a plunderer would strike. Here he would have his prize crystallised, so to say. Hence, as all roads lead to Rome, so every scheme of the invasion and defence of England must centre on London. The defence of the outports is a great question, no doubt. Every community has a right, nay a duty, to put such pressure on the Administration of the day as will make that community fairly secure. But every community in the realm has a far greater interest in London than in any other community, however intimate may be their respective business relations. And it follows that no far-seeing man can doubt that money spent on the defence of London is money well spent if it be prudently laid out. Yet to fortify London would be madness. A hundred millions devoted to that to-day would not be worth one million, perhaps, in twenty years. No: when London is invested London will have to yield, for she has not, at any time, a fortnight's supply of provisions within her limits for her teeming myriads, to say nothing of her troops. Her defences must be outside of the Bills of Mortality. It is none of our business to indicate what should be done, still less to state what has been done, in this direction. For a long time past it has received the attention of experts, and of late the Horse Guards' staff has been devoting to it much consideration. Special maps have been prepared after the manner of the General Staff in Berlin, points have been occupied, plans have been adopted after consultation with the best generals we have, stores of certain sorts have even been accumulated without the slightest suspicion being engendered in the minds of the nearest neighbours. But the area of operations is so wide that—and we can go no closer to the wind than this—it embraces the whole of the Home Counties, and a little more. Yet the word "operations" may be misinterpreted. It must not be understood in an active sense, and in a passive sense it is meaningless. But there is another sense in which it exactly expresses what has been done and is being done—what is complete on paper, and something more. Far be it from us to say that we are safe; it is enough for the moment that we are somewhat safer.

We are not of those who believe that any combination of hostile fleets would be able entirely to stop our food supply. Of course, in case of a war with two or three Naval Powers at once, all merchant steamers capable of doing no more than thirteen knots would be prudently laid up in ordinary; but the fast steamers would be found to carry nothing except food, and the number of ports on our shores is so great, while the internal railway facilities are so ample, that the food would be run in somewhere, and would be readily distributed. That prices would rise we may be certain, and there would doubtless be distress, but to suppose that any number of war vessels could seal our ports is to see visions and dream dreams. However, if our Navy is not to be strong enough to guard all our interests the wide world over, it, one would think, ought to be strong enough to protect our shores in every contingency, and to strike heavy and rapid blows at the enemy's cruisers or coasts. Admiral Fitzroy has just demonstrated that a squadron inferior in numbers, and upon the whole in the quality of its ships, can break a close blockade, and do infinite damage long before it can be followed and found. His squadron ran round the North of Scotland from the North of Ireland, and in three days theoretically laid waste the East Coast of Britain as far south as Scarborough, while his opponents, in spite of their command of signal stations and telegraphs, had for more than half the time no idea whither he had betaken himself, and were in point of fact looking for him everywhere but where he was. The amount of property he would have destroyed in these three days has been estimated at from ten to fifteen millions sterling, and this on a part of our coasts which is certainly not the busiest in a maritime way. Had he taken a run up the English Channel he might have sunk many more ships. Admiral Colomb recently put the extent of our commerce in a very striking light, when he said at the United Service Institution that "there are always thirty-five ships in ships in sight" of Beachy Head, and a ship passes that point every five minutes! He showed that six hundred and twenty thousand British ships enter or leave our home ports every year, or as nearly as possible two thousand every week-day: and it matters little that the same vessels are counted here over and over again, for each time that one comes in or goes out, she has a different cargo. These cargoes, excluding cargoes between home ports, have a value much exceeding, even in most years, six hundred millions sterling, and this does not include the value of the vessels.

If our Navy cost thirty millions a year instead of little more than half that sum, it would represent a national insurance of only ten shillings on every hundred pounds per annum of our in-and-out cargoes. The point need not be pressed further. But it is impossible to dissociate the defences of England from the defence of the commerce of England. Hitherto we have had, and we still have, two departments engaged in managing or mismanaging our defences at home and abroad. There is an impression deepening among those who have given close attention to the subject that the most pressing administrative reform of the present is the union of the War Office and the Admiralty under one Minister of National Defence, who would have responsible to him a mixed Naval and Military Council, and a General Staff for Military and General Staff for Marine matters. The consolidation may be unadvisable on many grounds, but at any rate it would have several most striking advantages, for it would save infinite correspondence, and prevent a great deal of friction. What is really and imperatively needed is that



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.  
BIRDS-EYE VIEW, SHOWING THE CHIEF POINTS OF DEFENCE AGAINST INVASION.

An explanatory article is printed on the back of this Plate.



there should be one comprehensive system of national defence laid down, and administered with a single eye to the simplicity and efficiency of all its parts. There has been much talk of late concerning Lord St. Vincent's system of naval defence; and Lord Howe's system. It has been said that Lord St. Vincent's system was designed to defend both our home and our commerce, while Lord Howe's defended our shores, but did not provide for our food supply, except under convoy. Such talk as this sounds academic, for it would appear that we need, not a system of defence that was in principle applicable to last century, but a system based on the requirements of this age, when ships, ordnance, lighting, have been revolutionised, when sails are all but relics of the past, guns carry twelve to twenty miles, the electric beam discovers an enemy on the darkest night, even if he barely shows above the horizon, and when our interests are not confined to the Atlantic, but are almost equally distributed over the world. Yet it is fair to say that a large, and probably an increasing school of naval officers holds that strategy on the sea is as immutable in its principles as strategy on land is admitted to be, tactics only being affected by improvements or changes in details. The problem can only be solved by taking into consideration many factors which at first sight have little bearing on one another; and so the question of England's Defences really comprises that of the Defences of the Empire.

Looking at it for the present from the narrower point of view, we see first that while our Navy looks imposing on paper, we really have not a sufficient number of either fast ships or strong ships. No man-of-war can be deemed efficient to-day, save for purposes of coast defence (that is, save as a mere floating fort), unless she can easily steam fourteen knots when required to do so, and this without that forced draught which racks the boilers, and which is at best an expedient of doubtful value. The battleships that can keep up more than twelve knots for any length of time can be counted on the fingers, and some of them are in reserve, while slower and altogether less efficient, yet as costly, vessels are continually in commission, and officers and crews kept in them, when they would be in case of war immediately transferred to marine monsters of whose manifold intricacies they have no knowledge or experience. The *Admiral* class, or the *Trafalgar* class, or the *Colossus* class, or the *Warspite* class, are the ships our men will have to work if we go to war, and the ships of this sort might well take the place, at Portland, Harwich, Holyhead, and other ports where the coastguard ships lie, of vessels that in hostilities could scarcely dare to show their figureheads out of port, and they might well also at once supplant in the Channel Squadron old-fashioned vessels, costly to maintain and inefficient in any true modern sense, such as the *Agin-court*, the *Northumberland*, the *Iron Duke*, the *Achilles*, and the *Monarch*, some of which would undoubtedly make useful ships if re-engined and provided with quick-firing guns. Vessels of the *Admiral* class have some eighty separate engines on board each of them, and are not to be handled at a day's notice by men accustomed to wall-sided ships, any more than a Jehu of the old coaching days could run a locomotive without training. There are many other points connected with our defences afloat which might be cited as showing that we are not making the best use even of what we have got in the way of men and ships; but enough has probably been said to show that the whole subject needs the most thorough investigation.

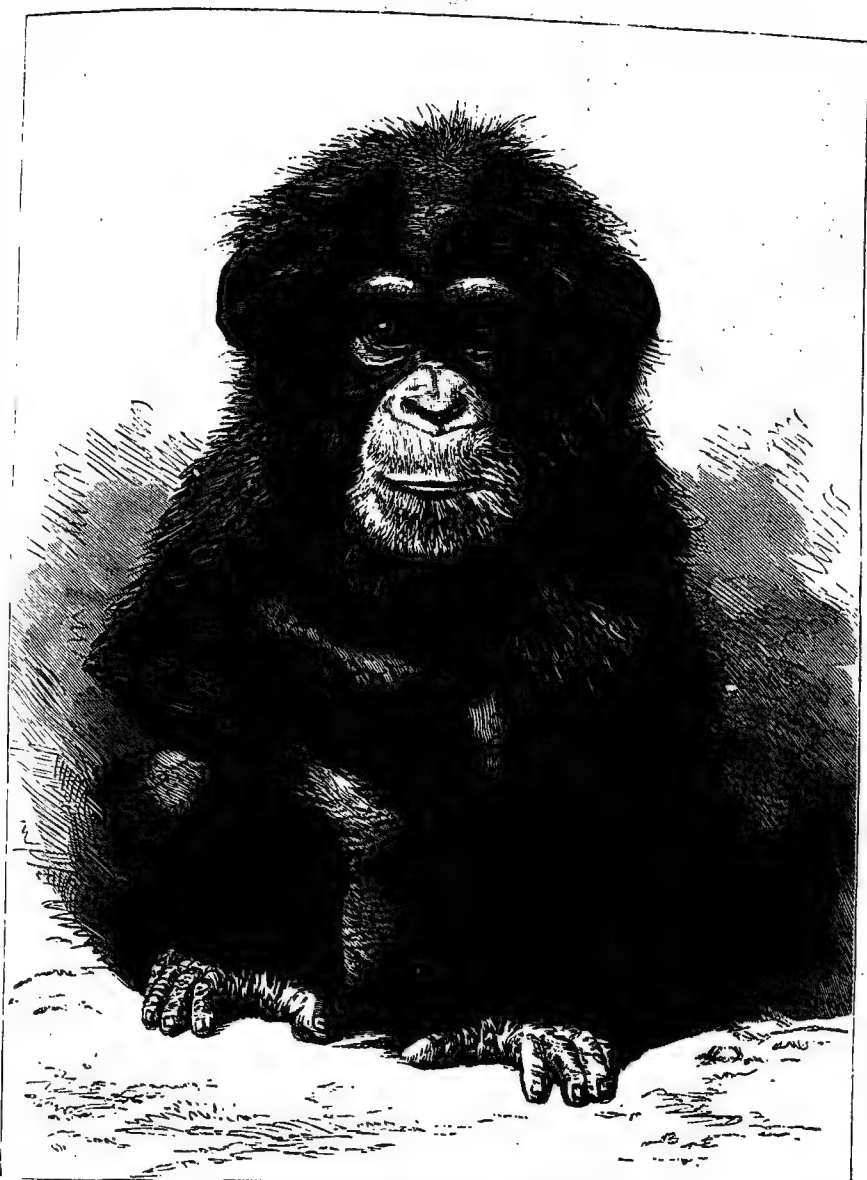
As regards our fortifications, it is inexpedient to enter into any details. But it may be said that fortification which was efficient in Lord Palmerston's time is not necessarily efficient now, just as the *Warrior*, or the *Hector*, or the *Minotaur*, can't be compared with the *Rodney*, or the *Edinburgh*, or the *Trafalgar*. Indeed it might be said, with as much truth as paradox, that the very efficiency of a fortification twenty years ago is presumptive of its comparative worthlessness now. To the unprofessional eye, many of the works on our coasts appear imposing, and they are so in one sense of the word; but they would be more dangerous to those occupying them than to the enemy. This is one question which needs fuller attention than has yet been given to it. On the other hand, the "cheap defence of nations" has been furthered by recent improvements in submarine mining, and fairly satisfactory progress has been made of late in this department. Our estuaries will, in a very short time, be fairly well protected against raids by an enemy's ships, but it will be long before life and property in them can be made safe against damage from shell-fire at great ranges. To effect this, gun ashore must be opposed to gun afloat. Fortifications sufficient to shelter our Volunteer and Militia gunners, if not to stand heavy battering, must be provided, but it is useless to suppose an energetic enemy can be kept at bay in this way. He must be met on his own element; and as it is futile to believe that the nation, as a whole, will undertake the task of local defence, the duty of providing for it will, unhappily fall on the various localities. With this object, a Society has been recently formed and recognised by the Admiralty, under the name of The Naval Volunteer Home Defence Association, of which Earl Cowper is President, but it is, perhaps, not too much to say the Earl of Northbrook, late First Lord of the Admiralty, is the guiding spirit.

The scheme of the Association is that "in every considerable seaport of the United Kingdom suitable vessels, more or less numerous, according to the importance of the port, should be fitted to receive quick-firing guns; that a local force of Naval Volunteers should be attached to these vessels, and trained to arm, equip, man, and fight them; and that the guns, ammunition, and other articles required for service should be placed in store on the spot, in readiness for use in time of war." Admiral Fitzroy's recent raid on the north-east coast would have been, if not impossible, at any rate far less easy had each port possessed its branch of the Association, and had it been on the alert, as it would have been in time of real war. Thus we see the problem of home defence is being slowly, but, we may hope, surely grasped; and it is reasonable to expect that just

in proportion as its difficulties are realised and, one by one, surmounted, it will be more clearly seen that to be satisfactorily solved it must be treated as a whole, the land and the sea-forces and preparations being placed in proper relations with, and subordination to, each other.

Leaving out of sight, for the purposes of this article, the composition of our two Army Corps, while never forgetting that the best kind of defence is generally intelligent and rapid attack, we may note here the disposition of our regular forces at home. In the Home District there are commonly, besides the three regiments of Household Cavalry, one regiment of light cavalry and one battery of horse artillery, and seven battalions of Foot Guards, with occasionally a battalion of some line regiment. At Woolwich there are mostly a detachment of cavalry, two batteries of horse artillery, eight batteries of field artillery, and three batteries of garrison artillery, with one line battalion. At Chatham (with Sheerness) may be commonly found three batteries of garrison artillery, while two others are on the other side of the Thames' mouth, at the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery. Chatham is, of course, the headquarters of the corps of Engineers, and has four companies, besides nine depot companies R.E., and one battalion of foot. At Canterbury are the depôts of cavalry regiments serving abroad. At Dover and Shorncliffe will be generally found one regiment of cavalry, two batteries of field artillery, four batteries of garrison artillery, a company R.E., and five line battalions. At Brighton, with a detachment at Hilsca, near Portsmouth, is a regiment of cavalry; at Portsmouth, with Gosport and the Isle of Wight, ten batteries of garrison artillery, three companies R.E., and five line battalions. At Plymouth and Devonport are five batteries of garrison artillery, two companies of Engineers, with three battalions of foot. At Aldershot may be found three regiments of cavalry, three batteries of Horse Artillery, six batteries of field artillery, one company, half the telegraph battalion, the depot of troops and the field park and pontonniers R.E., and nine foot battalions. At Colchester there are generally one cavalry regiment, and three battalions of foot. Scattered up and down England and Wales are cavalry regiments at York, Hounslow, Manchester, and Norwich, a battery of horse artillery at Dorchester, batteries of field artillery at Weedon (2), Ipswich (2), Sheffield (2), Coventry, Exeter (2), Trowbridge and Christchurch; batteries of garrison artillery at Harwich, Tilbury, Weymouth, and Pembroke (2); companies of Engineers at Clifton, Bedford, and Southampton, and line battalions at Portland, Bradford, Preston, York, Manchester, and Sheffield. Militia battalions have their headquarters at Bedford, Hertford, Reading, Carlisle, Chester, Macclesfield, Derby, Newark, Plymouth, Exeter, Dorchester, Bodmin, Barnard Castle, Newcastle, Warley, Bristol, Cirencester, Winchester, Canterbury, Maidstone, Huntingdon, Mold, Barnet, Bury, Burnley, Preston, Warrington, Lancaster, Leicester, Lincoln, Grantham, Ashton, Hounslow, Norwich, Yarmouth, Northampton, Alnwick, Oxford, High Wycombe, Tower Hamlets, Finsbury, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Taunton, Lichfield, Bury St. Edmunds, Kingston, Guildford, Chichester, Brecon, Welchpool, Warwick, Wrexham, Carnarvon, Cardiff, Halifax, Devises, Worcester, Pontefract, York, and Beverley, some of these points being depôts of more than one or even two battalions. At various places on the coasts are the headquarters of regiments of militia artillery. At Portsmouth are the headquarters of the Royal Marine artillery, while Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth are the headquarters of the Royal Marines. It is probable that the R.M.A. and the R.M. will be soon unavailable for any purposes of Home Defences, as to them will be entrusted the defence of the coal-lifting stations now being fortified on the great ocean routes. As regards the Volunteers, the main need of the country is their better organisation and association with the regular forces. Since this is in progress, and it is impossible to learn exactly how far it has proceeded, the less said about it the better.

One point to be borne in mind in considering the military defences of England is the locality of the commands of the general officers. Aldershot is a Lieutenant-General's command, and he covers London on the south and west. Chatham is at present the command of a Brigadier-General, but is to be annexed to the Woolwich District, which is a Major-General's command, and to which, as being an integral part of the defences of the Thames estuary, it properly belongs, as does Sheerness, where a Colonel of Artillery is virtually Brigadier. Dover is a Major-General's appointment, and he, with a Brigadier-General or Colonel on the Staff at Shorncliffe, is responsible for the whole of the south-east and a part of the southern coast. Portsmouth is the command of a Lieutenant-General, who is also "Governor," and who takes charge of the south coast generally. Devonport and the Western District is watched by a Major-General; London is the care of a Major-General; and the whole of the North of England is under a Major-General at York. From Colchester a Major-General watches the East Coast. Hitherto there has been such a confused responsibility that the General in nominal charge of a district has frequently had no knowledge of, still less control over, the working of the various military supply departments. There is now, not too soon, to be an end of this under the system devised by Sir Redvers Buller, the Quartermaster-General, who has been at great pains to select young and active officers to carry out his plans. Indeed, it may be said that the new Control Department will comprise the pick of the company officers of the Army. Under this plan, which is to be tried first in the Portsmouth district, every officer performing any duty in connection with the Army will be directly responsible to the General in local command, and he to the General Staff in London. It may therefore be reasonably expected that we shall hear no more of the abuses which have been laid at the door of the old system, or want of system in which every department was sufficient to itself, and regardless of every other.

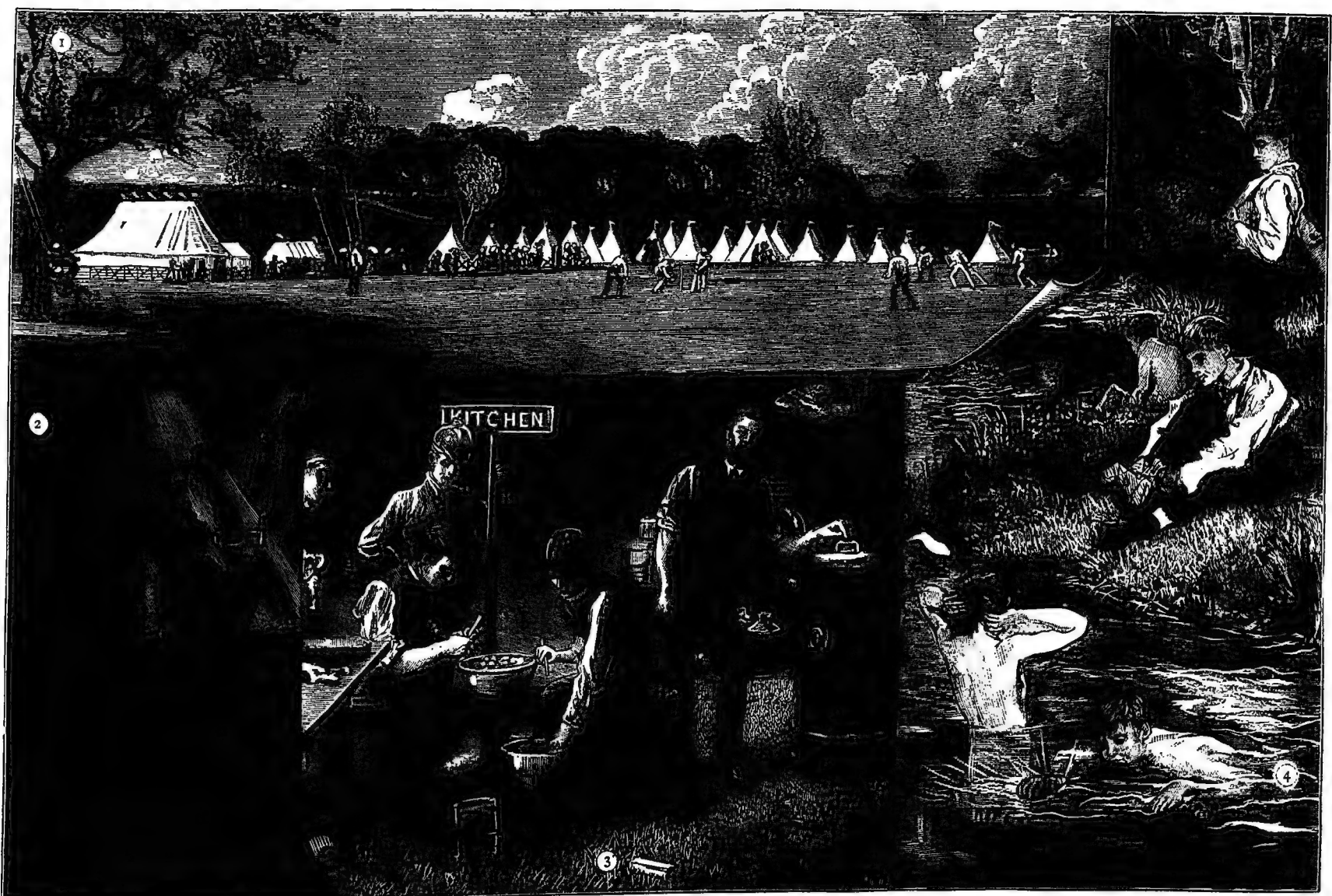


YOUNG CHIMPANZEE FROM SIERRA LEONE



TIGER CUB FROM INDIA

NOVELTIES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



1. General View of the Camp

2. "Lights Out!"

3. A Corner of the Kitchen

4. A Morning Dip

CAMP OF MANCHESTER WORKING LADS AT BOWDON, CHESHIRE





THE balance of popularity in FRANCE once more swings towards General Boulanger. To the universal surprise, the General carried the day in all three of Sunday's by-elections—the Somme, Nord, and Charente-Inférieure. The Republican nominees were simply nowhere. True, General Boulanger was supported by a Reactionary coalition, and succeeded to seats which had formerly been occupied by Conservatives. But the fact remains, that the man who appeared totally crushed a few weeks since can still effectually win the popular voice to the loss of the Government. In the Charente-Inférieure, the General had a majority of 14,840 votes, in the Somme of 35,533, and in the Nord of 32,746 votes. Nevertheless, in his old seat, the Nord, the General has lost ground since his election last April, when his majority was over 42,000 higher. This is the only grain of consolation for the Government, who are considerably cast down, while, to make matters worse, M. Floquet's Cabinet is assailed and censured by most of the Republican party for its mismanagement and weakness. The disunion of the Government supporters therefore gives the Reactionists their opportunity, and they are not slow to use their old tactics of coalescing in favour of the most formidable opponent of the Government—in this case General Boulanger. Whether the General is popular enough to stand on his own merits and dispense with such dubious allies, could only be tested if he would put up for a Republican constituency—as his opponents challenge him to do. But the General discreetly contents himself with his present laurels, and declares that he would only come forward in one case—a vacancy in Paris, until the General Election, when he will stand everywhere. As yet, he has not announced for which Department he will take his seat. Owing to this triple victory, Paris suffers from a fresh attack of Boulanger fever, with the usual accompaniments of topical songs, caricatures of the Government, and noisy street gatherings. Further, the crowds on the night of election gave considerable trouble while waiting round the Boulanger newspaper offices for information of the result. It is no slight triumph to the Boulangerist war-party that their success has aroused general vexation and anxiety abroad, particularly in Germany and Austria. The German comments are very severe, the Republican defeat being utilised as a text for repeated sermons on the present dangerous condition of France.

The Government put a good face on the matter, however. President Carnot told the Seine-et-Marne Council-General that the Republic counted plentiful allies against the intrigues which sought to divide the country, and that the Government was determined to make all respect popular liberties. These provincial Councils, just assembled, have not been able to steer clear of political declarations, though the Northern gatherings are much occupied with industrial affairs. Happily, the strikes have generally ceased, the Paris navvies having given in through lack of funds. As the masters held firm, the men and their families were in a starving condition, and gradually slipped back to work, till the leaders of the movement were obliged to admit their surrender. Only for a time, however, they say, resting their hopes on the joiners, who are still out.

The bitterness between FRANCE and ITALY deepens with the continuance of the Massowah dispute. Nor is the tone of the Italian Premier calculated to quench the flame. Indeed, Signor Crispi's latest Note to M. Goblet is curiously violent for a Diplomatic document, in striking contrast to the meekness of the French Circulars. He begins by declaring that he will avoid embittering discussion, and then once more forcibly states his plea that the Capitulations ceased when Italy occupied Massowah, which had been abandoned by Egypt and Turkey, and was therefore a *res nullius* at the disposal of any Power. After pointing out that France has no real interests in Massowah, he appeals to the European Governments to judge which country is in the wrong—"the Power which enforces respect for the law, assuring public order, or the Power which excites a peaceful population to disregard the law, and to defy the authority of the established Government." Italian opinion warmly approves the Premier's attitude, while regretting that this dispute has effectually checked the proposed Franco-Italian Commercial Treaty. National commerce, particularly the wine trade, already suffers from the delay in the arrangement. In France itself the anger aroused by Signor Crispi's language is mingled with dismay at his visit to Prince Bismarck. Keenly aware of their own unsettled condition and the present temper of Germany, the French scent danger in the Friedrichsruh meeting at the present juncture. Their only hope is that Prince Bismarck's tact will quiet any bellicose disposition on the Italian side.

This interview of the Italian and German Premiers produces unqualified satisfaction in GERMANY, where Signor Crispi's visit is looked upon as a proof that the alliance with Italy and Austria remains firm and secure, for Count Kalnoky is to meet Prince Bismarck shortly afterwards. Yet, in spite of such assurances, the pacific expectations of the past few weeks are not quite so dominant. This alteration results in a measure from the important changes in the army commands, where from Marshal von Moltke downwards the old soldiers give place to younger men, more fitted by age to go on active service. Coupled with these signs of the times are the Emperor's military energy, displayed in perpetual reviews and parades, and, more than all, his own stirring words at the recent unveiling of the monument to Prince Frederick Charles in Frankfurt-on-the-Oder. Lauding alike the genius and zeal of the Red Prince and of the Emperor Frederick, his fellow-commander, Emperor William added proudly that there could be no question of Germany's surrendering what she had conquered. The German people were of one mind—that the eighteen Army Corps and forty-two million inhabitants would be left on the field, rather than permit one stone of what they had gained to be taken away. Not only Alsace-Lorraine but Schleswig-Holstein is aimed at by these remarks, so think the public at large, in order that the King of Denmark may not be misled by recent German cordiality. This very point is raised by Russia, who in view of her Danish family connections is inclined to support the return of Schleswig-Holstein to the Danes. However, the subject is a perfect red rag to the German journals. So the Press of the two countries are once more abusing each other as roundly as before the Peterhof interview, while Czar and Emperor exchange fresh tokens of friendship. Thus the Russian Monarch has sent his portrait to William II., with the autographic dedication, "in memory of the pleasant days at Peterhof." Amongst the most prominent German items, Marshal von Moltke had a perfect ovation when visiting Leipzig for the inauguration of the Victory Monument; Herr von Bütticher is appointed Vice-President of the Prussian Ministry; and an important International Congress on Inland Navigation is sitting at Frankfurt.

EASTERN AFFAIRS are moderately quiet this week. BULGARIA strives vigorously to put down brigandage, owing to the just complaints of her neighbours. Unfortunately, though the brigands are shut out from Servia and Roumania, they escape into Turkey with impunity, and when begged to interfere, the Porte contents itself with polite regrets, instead of deeds. Meanwhile the brigands increase and flourish, so that the country is in a perfect panic, more

especially as it is suspected that brigandage is being used as a political lever for disturbing the province. TURKEY is considering Ministerial changes, and deliberating whether to retain Kiamil Pasha as Grand Vizier. In EGYPT Colonel Kitchener has been appointed Adjutant-General of the Egyptian Army, being replaced by Lieutenant-Colonel Smyth as Governor-General of Suakim.

AUSTRIA is busy with Imperial anniversaries. The Emperor's fifty-eighth birthday has been kept with unusual ceremony, while extensive preparations are being made to celebrate in December the completion of forty years of his reign. The country contrasts its present tranquil condition and prosperity with the time when Francis Joseph succeeded his uncle in the troublous days of '48. Since then a United Germany and a Free Italy have sprung up; yet, though Austria lost her supremacy in these countries, she claims them both as firm allies. Internally the Dual Monarchy is at peace, and the once-disaffected Hungarians are amongst the Emperor's most loyal subjects. There is only one discordant note in the rejoicings—the misery and losses caused by the terrible storms in Upper Austria and the Salzkammergut.

INDIA expects hostilities with the Tibetans at any moment. Hopes of a pacific arrangement through Chinese mediation have proved delusive, for the Tibetans increased their war preparations directly after the Chinese Envoy appeared at Lhasa. They now number full 15,000, according to report, with 3,000 Bhuteas ready to support them at need. Even when he musters his full strength General Graham will only command 2,300 men and eight guns; while until these reinforcements arrive there is much anxiety lest the Tibetans should rush Gnatong by sheer force of numbers. This prospect puts Darjeeling in sore alarm. The garrison has been sent to the front, leaving only Gorkha police to protect the women and children, so that, although another British detachment is on the way, it is just possible that the Tibetans might steal a march on the town. They evidently mean to attack Entchi, the Rajah's residence in the heart of Sikkim, and the British pioneers have been opening out a road to check their advance. It is plain that General Graham's force will winter on the frontier, for warm clothing is to be sent to the troops. Military affairs, indeed, are the topic of the day in India, for the Bengal Government pleads for an expedition to the Chittagong Hills to check raids from the restless tribes, while the native Princes who recently offered military support to the Government are requested to send representatives to Simla to arrange necessary details. Each State will be asked to permanently maintain part of their army fully equipped for active service.—BURMA supplies the usual disastrous dacoit bulletin, with the more satisfactory information that the railway to Mandalay is practically completed. Rumours are current of a serious rising in Northern AFGHANISTAN, headed by Ishak Khan, Governor of Bulk. Ishak Khan has long been opposed to his cousin the Ameer for his leaning towards England, being himself a fierce fanatic.

In the UNITED STATES the Presidential campaign has distinctly influenced the fate of the Fisheries Treaty, which was rejected in the Senate on Tuesday by a majority of three. This was entirely a party vote. The Republicans, who dominate in the Senate, were determined that at this electoral crisis the Democrats should not claim the honour of settling so important a controversy. Moreover, their party manœuvres largely consist in opposing English interests and conciliating the Irish vote, so they carefully followed the lead of Mr. Blaine, who warmly denounced the Treaty during his electoral tour in Maine. The action of the Republicans is very widely condemned, and most people join with the *New York Times* in stigmatising the rejection of the Treaty as "perhaps the most remarkable instance of narrow partisanship in the treatment of a great international question ever known in our history." Secretary Bayard looks upon the rejection "as a misfortune," but states that although the Treaty is rejected the *modus vivendi* is still in force by which the United States fishermen are entitled to licence for two years, unless Canada should decide to terminate it. In CANADA, while much disappointment is expressed, the rejection of the Treaty is regarded as a mere electioneering device, and it is generally felt that the *modus vivendi* should be continued until the Presidential fever is over, and negotiations can be renewed. To return to the United States, the Democrats are on the stump, Judge Thurman, the Vice-Presidential candidate, opening the campaign in Michigan on Wednesday. Another candidate is in the field, Mr. James Curtis, brought forward by the American party. This party chiefly takes its stand on the doctrine of "America for the Americans," to the exclusion of all foreign element. The yellow fever epidemic in Florida seems on the decline, thirty-two cases having occurred altogether at Jacksonville, with only a small death-rate. Storms, too, have cleared the air in the South, though doing much damage at New Orleans.

The fatal collision between two Atlantic liners has impressed nautical circles with the need for prescribing distinct routes of outward and homeward travel. The *Thingvalla* and *Geiser*, of the Danish Thingvalla Line, bound respectively to and from New York, were off Sable Island on the Nova Scotian coast, when the *Thingvalla* ran into her sister-vessel midships. The night was dark and rainy, but the steamers seem to have sighted each other a full hour before the collision. The *Geiser* was nearly cut in two, and sank in five minutes, so that it was impossible to launch the boats or get the passengers up from below. Further, the blow from the *Thingvalla's* bow crushed many sleepers in their berths. Thus, some 117 persons perished in the *Geiser*, and though the *Thingvalla* took up thirty-one survivors, she was so injured that she could scarcely keep afloat. Fortunately, the Hamburg steamer *Wieland* came to the rescue, and carried the *Thingvalla's* passengers to New York, the damaged vessel herself getting into Halifax with some difficulty. Notwithstanding the warning of this disaster, the Americans promote the rivalry of the different lines to increase their speed, and eagerly discuss whether the two latest crack vessels, the *Umbria* or the *City of New York*, will reach England first, having started almost together. Another disaster occurred on Wednesday, this time off San Francisco, where the *City of Chester*, bound for Eureka, came into collision in a fog with the *Oceanic*, coming from Yokohama, and sank, a number of passengers being drowned.

In ZULULAND the delay in the attack on Dinizulu has enabled him to escape to the Robombo Mountains, a kind of No Man's Land, whence he can easily raid on Usebipu's territory. South African opinion holds that there will be no permanent peace in Zululand till Dinizulu is captured and banished, thus extinguishing the pretensions of Cetewayo's House.—The ORANGE FREE STATE has elected Chief Justice Reitz President in the stead of the late Sir H. Brand. He will be sworn in on January 10th.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the British Naval Manœuvres have been attentively watched in RUSSIA. The Black Sea naval authorities greatly praise our tactics.—In SPAIN two English tourists from Gibraltar were attacked on the Spanish lines by two men asking charity. The affair is being investigated at San Roque. Madrid suffers from a severe diphtheria epidemic, mainly among children.—In CANADA a terrible thunderstorm has devastated Eastern Ontario and Quebec, causing damage in Quebec alone to the amount of 300,000/. The lightning was unusually fatal to life. The Premier formally states that the Government will renounce the Conversion Scheme if the measure cannot be carried voluntarily with the consent of the bondholders.—The young Emperor of CHINA is to be married next February—during the first month of the Chinese New Year. Preparations for the Imperial wedding have been going on for the last two years.



THE QUEEN has revisited Glasgow this week for the first time for thirty-nine years. The Grand Duke of Hesse joined the Royal party at Osborne just before their departure, and Prince Henry preceded them to Glasgow, travelling by sea in the *Victoria* and *Albert*. On Saturday Prince Adolphus of Teck lunched with Her Majesty, to take leave on his departure for India; and next day the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. A. Peile officiated. The ex-Empress Eugénie lunched with Her Majesty on Monday, while next evening the Queen left Osborne with Princess Beatrice and the Hesse Grand Ducal Family. Crossing to Gosport, the Royal party travelled direct to Scotland, stopping for tea at Banbury, and reached Renfrew on Wednesday morning, where they were received by Prince Henry and Sir A. and Lady Campbell, their hosts. The German Princes took up their quarters on board the Royal Yacht, while Her Majesty and the Princesses stayed at Sir A. Campbell's residence on the Clyde, Blythswood. The house stands in a most picturesque situation, and the Royal apartments, on the south-west side, command a splendid view. They were furnished in blue and terra-cotta. After resting during the morning, the Royal party went to Renfrew to receive the first address and welcome. Glasgow greeted the Queen with much enthusiasm a little later, the town keeping holiday and being gaily decorated. The official reception at the station being over, the Queen formally inaugurated the new Municipal buildings, and thence drove in State to the Exhibition, where Her Majesty received an address, heard a brief concert, and visited the Fine Art Galleries, the Womens' Industries and the Artisans' Sections. On Thursday the Queen visited Paisley, the town then celebrating its quatercentenary as a burgh, while Princess Beatrice went down the Clyde in the Royal yacht to Govan to christen the new vessel *Marathon*. Friday's programme included private visits to the Exhibition, the University, and the Scottish College for Women. In the evening the Royal party leave for Balmoral, where they will be joined by the children of Prince and Princess Henry and of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught.

The Prince and Princess of Wales remain on the Continent. During the Princess's stay at Wiesbaden, the Prince frequently came over from Homburg to see his wife and father-in-law, the King of Denmark, while on Sunday the Royal party met together at Frankfurt for dinner. The Prince then returned to Homburg to finish his "cure," while the Princess and daughters travelled via Munich to Gmunden to stay with the Duchess of Cumberland.

The King of the Belgians has been to Glasgow *incog.*, and is now going yachting among the Western Highlands.—The King of the Netherlands is in delicate health at the Castle of Loo, suffering from the effects of a chill.—The King and Queen of Portugal, with their second son, Don Alfonso, have been visiting the Austrian Emperor and Empress, and there is some talk of a marriage between the Archduchess Valérie and the Portuguese Prince.



THE FUTURE OF ITALIAN OPERA.—The Continental papers are amusing themselves in the dull season by discussing the future of Italian Opera. On all hands it is admitted that Italian Opera (we do not refer to opera in Italian, but to operas by Italian composers) is not what it was. Even in Italy itself French, and even German, works are now more frequently played than the native article.—In France, the national jealousy which still exists against the conqueror has sufficed to keep modern operas by Germans from the stage. But even French composers have begun to perceive that the interest cannot be maintained from the home supply alone, and a large number of the most eminent Parisian musicians have signed a round-robin to the Minister requesting his influence to secure the production of Glinka's Russian Opera *La Vie pour le Tsar*. In Germany the programmes are exceedingly mixed. Light French, and even English, works are frequently performed on alternate days with Wagner and Mozart. The German *Singspiel* (a term almost analogous to our own Ballad Opera) is likewise exceedingly popular. But German audiences, who like their operas to be cheap, are a little means unduly particular either as to quality, and have a blind eye for anomalies. At the present moment, for example, Madame Nordica is giving some performances at Kroll's Gardens, Berlin, she herself singing in Italian, while the rest of the *troupe* use the German tongue.—In Russia opera is essentially national, and the policy of the present Czar has been to stop, as far as practicable, the subsidies granted by his predecessor to Italian Opera, and to transfer them to the National Theatre. Italian Opera at St. Petersburg was indeed never much more than an entertainment organised for the benefit of the Court and the aristocracy, and even in its palmiest days it was necessary to tempt them with higher salaries than they were likely to secure elsewhere before the great lyric artists would consent to winter in St. Petersburg. Under more modest conditions, Señor Lago, once *impresario* at Covent Garden, has, however, during the past two or more seasons, given opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow with success. *En revanche*, a native Russian *troupe* has come to England, and has gained favour in the provinces.—In the United States, more than one disastrous failure has practically banished from the stage both English and Italian Opera, although the former is again to be tried this winter by a strong company headed by Madames Kellogg and Minnie Hauk. But in America, German Opera carries off the honours, and so successful has it been that arrangements have been made to produce in the course of the forthcoming winter the complete series of the *Nibelungen* tetralogy.—As to England, so far as any rate as the metropolis is concerned, opera is becoming almost non-existent. From July, 1887, till May, 1889, that is to say a period of about twenty months, it is highly improbable that we shall be able to boast of more than forty-two performances of Italianised German or French Opera, directed by Mr. Harris, with the assistance of a whole committee of the aristocracy and a party of American and French vocalists. Mr. Carl Rosa is still carrying on his enterprise with success in the country, but he seems to prefer English adaptations of French Operas to the Italian or English article.

The fact that the true Italian Opera repertory has reached its limits was foreseen by Henry Jarrett and other close observers some years ago as the one thing likely to impair the prospects of opera itself. The *prima donna* craze has now spent its force. Since the retirement of Madame Christine Nilsson and the voluntary expatriation of Madame Patti who, while she is able to earn 1,000/. to 1,500/. per night abroad, is not likely to accept the fee which an English manager might find it possible to offer her, the petted stars have ceased to be a disturbing influence. Instead, the *entrepreneurs*



surrounds himself with an all-round good company, and the special interest, in the absence of which no public enterprise can live, must depend upon his repertory. They look in vain to Italy. Verdi, the greatest of all Italians, has shot his last bolt in producing *Otello*. The perennial reports that Boito is finishing his second opera *Nerone* are understood to be unauthorised. Italy may have some rising composers, among whom Mr. Harris's conductor, Signor Luigi Mancinelli, is not the least, but their time is not yet. Germany is even worse off. Brahms is its only living composer of commanding genius, and he, like Mendelssohn, will not write operas. The new productions of Germany are mostly of the *Singspiel* order, and for the rest they borrow from France, and even from England, that is to say from the works of Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Goring Thomas, and Professor Villiers Stanford. France is the only country, save England, which possesses a school of opera composers, but M. Gounod has ceased to write operas, and MM. Saint Saëns, Massenet, Godard, Reyer, and others, though excellent musicians, have never taken a really high position outside of their own country. It is possible that the new copyright convention, which gives almost world-wide profits to the composer, may tempt the best men again to enter the operatic field. Italy at present stands almost lowest of all the great European countries, and it is a remarkable fact that it is the one country in which the copyright of operatic works is by purchase a monopoly of one or two leading firms.

**DEATH OF MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL.**—This eminent musical antiquarian died at home, 53, Upper Brook Street on Monday. Born in London on November 20, 1809, Mr. William Chappell succeeded his father in the direction of the house of Chappell and Co., afterwards leaving it to join the firm of J. B. Cramer and Co., and finally retiring from business in 1861, in order to have greater leisure for his favourite antiquarian pursuits. Mr. William Chappell was the author of the "Collection of English National Airs" (1838-40), of "Popular Music of the Olden Time" (1859), now the acknowledged authority on old English ballad lore, of "Old English Ditties," and of the "History of Music" (1874). He was the founder of the Musical Antiquarian and Percy Societies, was an F.S.A., and for many years was treasurer of the Camden Society. Upon the subject of old English song, ballad, and dance tunes, Mr. William Chappell was the recognised authority.

**THE BIRMINGHAM REHEARSALS.**—The orchestral rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival have been in progress since Monday, at St. George's Hall, Regent Street, but as they are avowedly intended only to practise the orchestra, and are held without choral support, and in the absence of some of the principals, it would be ridiculous to notice them in detail. We will, therefore only mention that Monday was devoted to Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, Bach's *Magnificat*, and some of the symphonies, that on Tuesday some of the larger and more familiar oratorios were passed rapidly through, and that Wednesday was devoted to the two novelties, Dr. Parry's *Judith* and Dr. Bridge's *Callirhoe*. The rehearsals were continued on Thursday, full rehearsals with orchestra, chorus, and principals are fixed for the 25th and 27th at Birmingham, and the Festival performances will take place twice daily, from Tuesday to Friday next week. We must, of course, reserve consideration of the novelties and the performances for our special correspondence from Birmingham. But we may now briefly say that Dr. Parry's oratorio *Judith* seems likely to justify all the favourable reports which have been spread concerning it. The story, which is an effective *mélange* of the wickedness and repentance of King Manasseh and of the murder by Judith of the Assyrian general Holofernes, is well put together, and the music is not only melodious but dramatic. Dr. Bridge's *Callirhoe* we have already referred to.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—To-morrow (Sunday) is the forty-second anniversary of the production at Birmingham of *Elijah*, the original version of which is, therefore, now out of copyright. But Mendelssohn altered the oratorio considerably, and the work as it is at present known was not published till the following July.—The Carl Rosa company began their new season at Dublin this week. Their first novelty will be Mr. Grist's English adaptation of Halévy's *La Juive*.—It is said that Mr. J. H. Mapleson's "Recollections" will be published by Messrs. Remington and Co. on the 20th prox.—A nonsensical report is current in the Dutch papers that the little pianoforte prodigy Joseph Hofmann is dead. On the contrary, he will probably go on tour next year in the United States with Mr. Abbey.—Madame Marie Roze has returned to England after a most successful tour in France. She will begin on Monday in the provinces a concert tour extending to October 1.—At the Promenade Concerts on Wednesday night the band gave an excellent performance of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Madame Frickenhau played Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in G minor. The vocalists were Miss Nikita, Madame Belle Cole, and Mr. Santley.



**THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL'S** letter commenting on the Lambeth Encyclical was referred to in this column last week. Immediately after its publication the Primate intimated through the *Times* that the Encyclical had been carefully considered by all the Prelates comprising the Conference, with the exception of the few, among them the Bishop of Liverpool, who happened to be absent on the day when the draft of the document was discussed paragraph by paragraph. In a letter of rejoinder to the Archbishop of Canterbury's communication, the Bishop of Liverpool explains that on the occasion referred to he was detained at Liverpool by pressing Diocesan engagements. He reiterates the expression of his conviction that the Encyclical ought to have contained some distinct reference to the "unhappy divisions about the Lord's Supper" which, he says, "threaten to break up the Established Church of England, unless speedily healed." "These divisions," Bishop Ryle adds, "were especially noticed in one of the two former Lambeth Conferences. I think it was an immense mistake not to notice them in 1883."

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK**, referring to the Sunday Question at a temperance meeting in York, said that it was only the religious sanction which guarded the English Sunday, and that if this were tampered with they would have the French Sunday, with workmen toiling rather harder than on other days up to two o'clock, in order to get a holiday in the afternoon.

**NUMEROUS AND INFLUENTIAL ADHESIONS** continue to be made to Lord Carnarvon's proposal, cordially approved by the Primate, and referred to in this column last week, that churches in large cities should be opened on week-days for private devotion and meditation. The Bishop of Carlisle intimates through the Press that he long ago urged this step on the clergy and laity of his Diocese. The Incumbents of St. Philip's, Regent Street, of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, of St. George's, Hanover Square, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, of St. Mary's, Woolnoth, and of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, make it known that these churches are open daily for several hours.

**CARDINAL MANNING**, presiding at a crowded meeting in the Crystal Palace, in connection with the Total Abstinence League of

the Cross, said that the total abstainers of England possessed a perseverance which could never be extinguished. He regretted that as he was coming to the end of his life he should not now be in this work so very long, and also that he should have begun so late and done so little. But he hoped that for what period of his life remained he might be able to do some more.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—St. George's Chapel, Windsor, which has been closed for nearly a fortnight to be cleansed and repaired, was reopened for Divine Service on Sunday morning last.—The annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held at Plymouth on September 25th and two following days. The Bishop of Exeter, who is Vice-President of the Conference, will preside at the opening meeting.—The Primate of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland has deposed from the office of President of a Young Men's Roman Catholic Society in Edinburgh a Mr. Flannigan, who presided at public meetings in that city where, without protest on his part, or subsequent expressions of his regret, the Plan of Campaign and boycotting were defended, in spite of their recent condemnation by the Pope.—The Very Reverend Dr. James, Dean of St. Asaph, has been elected by the Council Principal of Cheltenham College, in succession to Dr. Kynaston, resigned.—At the closing meeting of the Pope Commemoration Committee a resolution was adopted suggesting that if any alterations in the arrangement of the parish church of Twickenham render it possible, the monument erected by Pope to his father and mother, now hidden from sight by the organ, and his own gravestone, which is also concealed, should both be brought into view.



**THE SEASON.**—Perhaps the most remarkable fact about the present season, after its generally backward and untoward character, is the extreme variations between the climatic experiences of different localities. It is well-known that in July the temperature was higher in Scandinavia than in England, and the rainfall of that month in this country varied from four to seven inches, a very wide difference, exceeding the total average rainfall of the month. As regards more recent experiences, London, from the 10th to the 20th, had a virtually rainless, and also a very sunless, period. Eighty miles south, on the Hampshire coast, entirely different weather was experienced, rain falling without cessation for many hours on the 12th, and there being frequent showers during the subsequent week, but the times between being bright and sunny, with many hours of ripening heat. Wheat and oats have accordingly begun to be cut, and an early sample or two of winter barley has made its appearance at the Dorchester and Warminster markets. In the very important East Anglian districts, the number of hours' sunlight registered of late has been fair, but the heat has been tempered even at mid-day, by an east wind, which has made the nights quite chilly. The abundance of weeds in all parts of England is a very bad sign, and, where the wheat has been laid, the weeds frequently tower above the crop. The increase of mildew has been serious, and the reports collected by an agricultural journal from 400 farmers, affirming the wheat to be 20 per cent. below a full average, do not appear to us likely to be much away from the mark. The great increase in the yield of straw, as compared with last year, is of course a material compensation to the farmer, but the yield of wheat itself is not thereby augmented. The barley and oat crops promise better than wheat, but the barley will be much below the fine mean quality of the 1887 crop, without any compensating increase of bulk. Oats will be a good yield in the three kingdoms if we now have three weeks of ripening heat. This, however, is a most important proviso, and, as yet, the oat crop, over the greater proportion of its acreage, is little more than a green crop. The weeds have got into the swedes and mangolds very badly, and the cost of hoeing is becoming a serious expense to growers of roots. The disease is spreading rapidly among the potatoes, and it is said that 25 per cent. will have to be deducted from what, a month ago, was the promise of an excellent crop. The leaves of the potato are likewise mildewed. With respect to the orchards, we hear that pears are regarded as a fair crop, but apples as the reverse. Plums are scarce and backward, greengages rather better than the regular plums, but still not good.

**WALES.**—A correspondent writes that the hay is still out in perhaps the majority of hay-fields. "Never has the wisdom of getting hay into cocks as speedily as possible been more fully illustrated than this summer. In cock, the hay resists a wonderful amount of rain; whereas, in a season when thirty-six hours without rain has been a rare occurrence, the hay spread on the ground has been alternately soaked and dried, and all nourishment washed out of it." The wheat in Wales is said to want heat very badly, which we can well believe. The straw is stringy, and the ears attenuated, while barley has a sickly hue, and even oats require sunshine and warmth to fill the ears. Disease is increasing in the potato-fields in Wales as in England. On the other hand, the price of cattle has risen materially, while sheep and pigs also sell well at a slight rise. Butter, although still cheap, is not unremunerative, and the cows this year have yielded unusually large supplies of milk.

**DAIRY SCHOOLS.**—The Government have awarded the following sums out of the 5,000*l.* granted by the Legislature in aid of dairy schools:—To the Cheshire County Dairy School 150*l.*, to the Aspatria School in Cumberland 250*l.*, to Edinburgh University 300*l.*, to Glasgow College 200*l.*, to the Kircudbright Dairy Association 70*l.*, to the Ayrshire Dairy Association 125*l.*, to the Wigtownshire Dairy Association 101*l.*, and to the Dumfries Dairy Association 23*l.* These awards have excited much dissatisfaction, an enormously disproportionate sum having gone north of the Tweed, while the British Dairy Farmers' Association, whose headquarters are in London, together with representatives from the Norfolk, Suffolk, Dorset, Leicester, Ludlow, and Sussex dairy farmers, have met with but scanty consideration. It is but fair to mention that four Scottish claimants, Forfar, Kilmarnock, Kincardine, and Aberdeen, have been "deferred for further consideration."

**THE CORN MARKETS** have advanced prices under the stimulus of unsettled harvest weather. Sales of English barley and oats have virtually ceased, the small reserves of 1887 growth being firmly held back. But wheat has risen from 32*s.* 6*d.* to 35*s.* 9*d.* per qr., and is now dearer than in 1887, 1886, or 1885, though slightly below the currencies of 1884 before harvest. The cargo trade for wheat has improved 1*s.* on the week, but the general position has been principally strengthened by the difficulties of country millers in buying local supplies at a level which allows the manufacture of flour at a fair remuneration. There are as yet no new wheat supplies in the market, only a few rubbed-out samples in Kent and elsewhere south of the Thames. The new corn, too, is expected to be hardly fit for immediate milling. Barley and oats of the new crop are equally backward, but a few samples of new peas have appeared. Spring corn as well as wheat is held for an advance in price.

**THE AGRICULTURAL RETURNS** for 1888 have just reached us. They show that the area under wheat in Great Britain is 2,564,010 acres against 2,317,324 acres in 1887, and 2,285,905 acres in 1886.

This progressive recovery is important, and seems to show that under present economical conditions wheat-growing on suitable soil has ceased to involve a loss. Of barley the area is 2,085,474 acres against 2,085,156 acres in 1887, and 2,241,164 acres in 1886. The decline in barley is not likely to be progressive, but even more than wheat we may expect to see the barley production of the future confined to distinctively barley soils. Of oats 2,882,223 acres are now cultivated against 3,087,989 acres in 1887, and 3,081,596 acres in 1886. The poor yield of oats in both 1886 and 1887 is probably the chief cause of this discouragement. Of potatoes the acreage is largely increasing. This we cannot regard as a satisfactory agricultural sign, potatoes being a great refuge of the disheartened, or poverty-stricken farmer, whether in Ireland or in Great Britain. Of hops only 58,509 acres are now cultivated, whereas over seventy thousand acres was the average from 1880 to 1887. The percentages of acreage increase or decrease from 1887 are as follows:—Wheat 10, potatoes 5 per cent. increase, oats 6 per cent., and hops 8 per cent. decrease. The number of cattle in Great Britain is now 6,129,224, of sheep 25,256,230, and of pigs 2,404,226. Cattle and sheep are decreasing in numbers, pigs are increasing. The numbers in 1887 were:—Cattle 6,441,263, sheep 25,958,763, and pigs 2,299,323. The number of lambs has declined from 9,812,519 to 9,529,824, a very bad sign indeed. The returns as a whole are not pleasant reading, the increase in potatoes being at the expense of more staple crops, and the number of our flocks and herds being sadly under what the country ought to, and could, produce and support.



**THE TURF.**—This should be a slack time in the racing world, since so many of the votaries of the sport are on other pleasures intent—shooting, travelling, yachting, and so on. That it is not so, however, is proved by the number of meetings which have taken place since we last wrote. Kempton, Paisley, and Windsor filled up the end of last week; on Sunday, there was Deauville for those who cared to cross the Channel; and, though Monday was happily an off-day, Tuesday saw the ball rolling again at Stockton.

At Kempton, on Thursday, Grafton and Sheen ran a dead heat (dead heats have been astonishingly frequent of late) in the Great International Breeders' Foal Stakes which, accordingly, Sir George Chetwynd and Prince Soltykoff divided; Pet Fox won the Prince of Wales's Plate; and the ten-year-old Tonans secured the Sunbury Mid-Weight Handicap. At Paisley the sport was good of its kind, but does not require much comment. Dunblane won a couple of races, and Primevere and Castagnette one each. Fagan was the successful jockey on each occasion, and altogether steered five winners during the two days. Madame Favart distinguished herself at Windsor on Friday by winning both the first and fourth races on the card, but the Park Plate, the chief event of the day, was secured by Simonia for Sir F. Johnstone. Next day, Grafton won the August Handicap Plate, Grewelthorpe the Boveney Plate, and Paloma the Round Tower Plate.

On Tuesday the scene changed to Stockton. The chief event was the Stockton Handicap, in which Nappa, Bellatrix, and Nightcap finished in the order named. Workington won the Wynyard Plate. Stronvar and Aperse were the only runners in the Great Northern Leger next day, and the first-named, on whom 6 to 4 was laid, won easily. Nunthorpe won the Hardwicke Stakes, and Paloma was again successful in the Lambton Stakes.

Galaor, as was expected, won the Grand Prix de Deauville on Sunday, the only English representative, Van Dieman's Land, being third. Seabreeze has gone back somewhat in the St. Leger market. Althorp, with 8*s.* 8*l.*, has been backed for the Great Ebor Handicap, for which there are nineteen acceptances.

**CRICKET.**—Just when people were talking of a match between Surrey and England, the Champion County must needs go and get beaten by Lancashire. Surrey's bad fielding allowed Lancashire to knock up 376, to which Mr. Eccles contributed 184, and the good bowling of Briggs and Watson in the second innings did the rest. The Surreyites made some amends this week, however, by running up 455 (Mr. Read 109, Mr. K. J. Key 108) against Yorkshire, and getting the "Tykes" out for 101 and 126. The Australians have suffered two more defeats since we last wrote. Notts made 441 (Gunn 91, Barnes 90) against them, and beat them by an innings and 199 runs, and then Gloucestershire (Dr. W. G. Grace 92 and 17, not out) defeated them by eight wickets. These two counties are the only ones which have won both their matches with the Colonists this season. "W. G." has been in great form during the last few days. Besides the innings noted above, he made two centuries (148 and 153) in the match between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire last week, this being the third time he has performed this exploit in a first-class match. Yorkshire made in their only innings 427, Hall carrying his bat for 129, and the match was drawn. Lancashire beat Derbyshire, Sussex (Mr. C. A. Smith 142) beat Hants, and Kent beat Middlesex, while the Parsees have fallen victims both to the United Public Schools Eleven and to M.C.C.

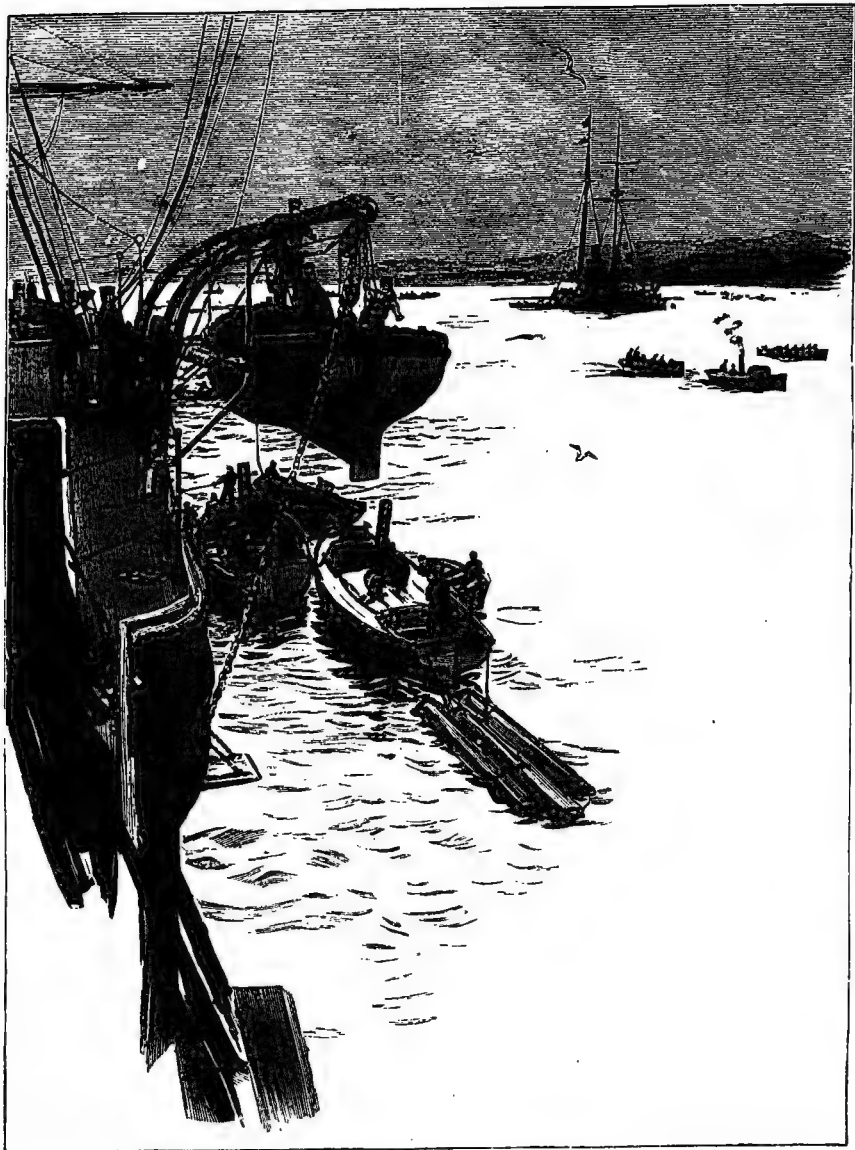
That cricketers were not slow in taking advantage of the improvement in the weather is shown by the long scores quoted above. In minor matches, however, even larger totals are recorded. Thus Scarborough made 613 (Mr. H. Leadbetter 178) against Hull; Warwickshire (Mr. H. C. Maul 267) mauled the Staffordshire bowling to the tune of 569; Essex Club and Ground compiled 549 (Littlewood 200, Carpenter 135) against Colchester and District; Mr. W. B. Pattinson with 112, and Rev. R. T. Thornton with 123, were the largest contributors to the 576 made by Band of Brothers against Weald of Kent; while Messrs. A. and C. Robinson 108 each, and Mr. W. A. Broughton 144, helped to make 496 for Mr. H. Robinson's Eleven against Bradford College. Smitten with the spirit of emulation a lady, too, Miss Ada Barnes, has joined the ranks of the centurions, making 128 for Ottershaw Park against Childown Park. To counterbalance all these batting feats we may mention that in a local match lately Gregg, the Gloucestershire professional, did the "hat trick" twice in one innings!

**FOOTBALL.**—Much regret has been felt and expressed at the drowning in Australia of Mr. R. L. Seddon, the captain of the English team now touring there. Mr. Seddon was one of the finest forwards in the English International Fifteen. Mr. A. E. Stoddart has been elected captain in his stead. Under Victorian Rules the team has been easily defeated by Maitland, but under Rugby Rules has revenged itself on Queensland.

**ROWING.**—Kemp and Hanlan were to have met again on September 28th next, but the Canadian's plans may have been altered by the sad news which has just reached him. His little son was burnt to death at Toronto last week through playing with matches.

**CYCLING.**—J. H. Adams, Speedwell B.C., won the Twenty-Five Miles Amateur Bicycling Championship of the N.C.U. at Grimsby on Saturday.—The One Hundred Miles Road record has been lowered to 5 hrs. 20 min. 23 secs. by M. A. Holbein, of the Catford Club.



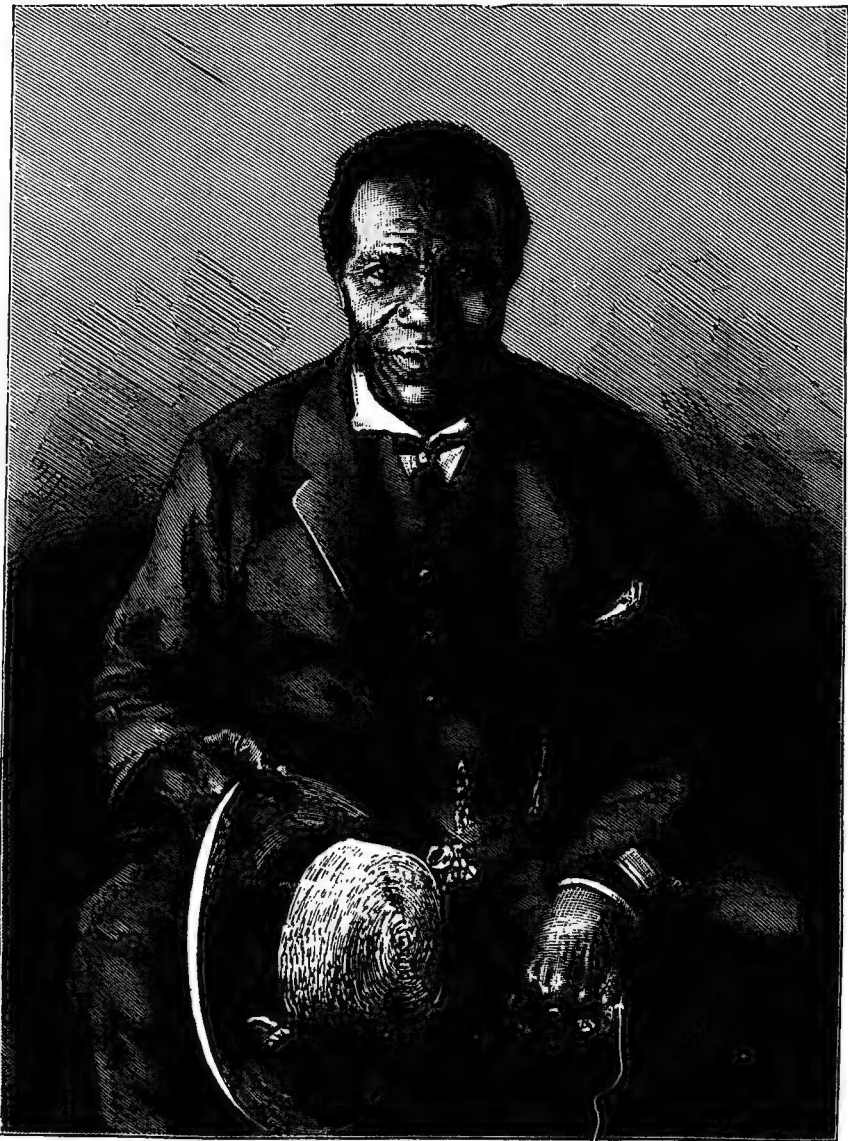


BOATS PICKING UP MINES AND BOOMS



THE "BLACK PRINCE" TAKING IN TORPEDO BOOMS AND NETS

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B" SQUADRON



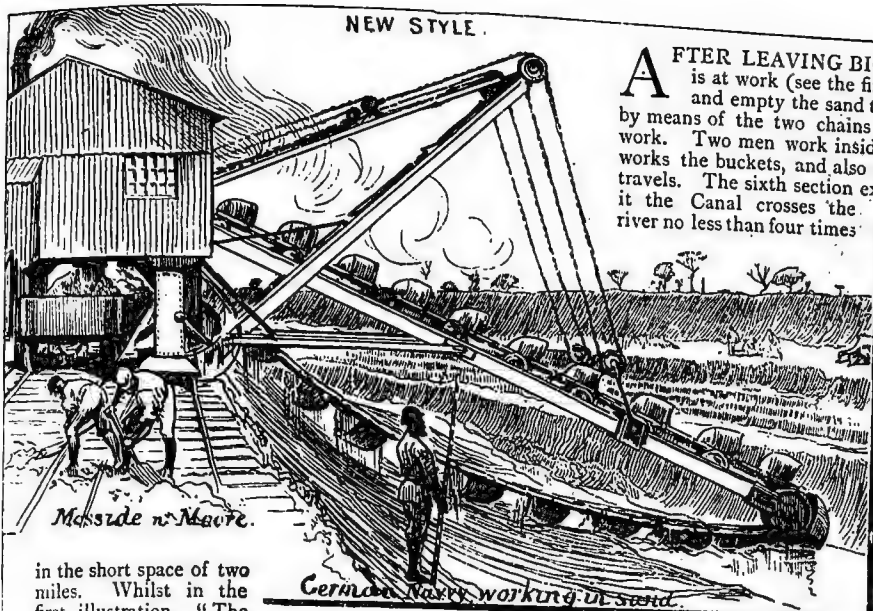
JA-JA, THE DEPOSED AND EXILED KING OF OPOBO, WEST AFRICA



ALFONSO XIII., THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN  
From the Picture by Professor Koppay, now being Exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall



## NEW STYLE.



**A**FTER LEAVING BIG FIELD, "The Skipper" made his way to Moss Side, near Warrington, where the "German navy" is at work (see the first illustration). The buckets work on an endless chain in the same fashion as the river dredgers, by means of the two chains and pulleys to the varying depths of the work. Two men work inside at the hopper, filling trucks, while a third works the buckets, and also regulates the speed at which the excavator travels. The sixth section extends from Latchford to Warburton, and in it the Canal crosses the river no less than four times.



Moss Side n. Moore.

German Navy working in sand.

Down to the water. Thelwall Island.

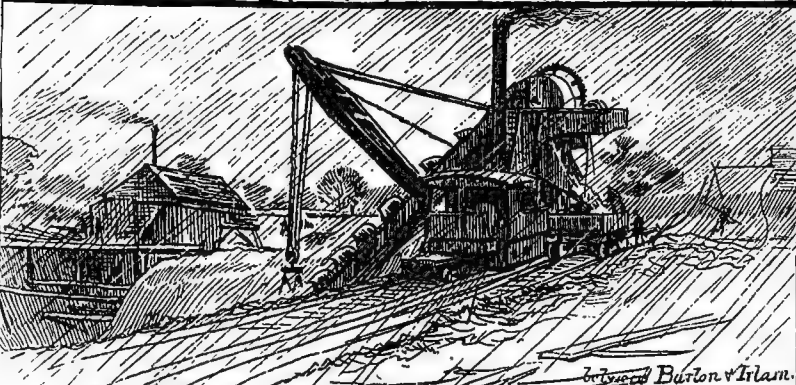
in the short space of two miles. Whilst in the first illustration, "The Skipper" has sketched the new style of digging by machinery, in the second and third he has depicted the old style. The third illustration shows the navvies working with barrow and his barrow. This rope passes over a pulley at the top of the perpendicular beam, passes down the beam, and round another pulley at the base, to this a horse is harnessed, and is started, thus drawing the loaded barrow to the top of the staging. The navy then unhooks his barrow, attaches an empty one, and goes down again with a run, his only effort being to put the break on, as much as possible, by planting his feet in front, and doing a slide. "The Skipper" did not experiment, but it must have been something between tobogganing and the fashionable switchback railway. In ascending, the navy has nothing to do but hang on, and steer his barrow. With the steam roads (shown third from the front in the illustration), they are loaded, the platform is drawn to the top, the empty one descending. In the distance, on the extreme left, is a steam engine working a power-water from the lower excavations where the navvies have reached water. This is shown more distinctly in the smaller sketch (No. 2), showing a portion at the back supports the trough carrying the water away from the pump and discharging it into the Mersey. The sketches from here to Warburton, there is nothing special to notice. At Lymm there is not much work done, in one place the navvies were just commencing to strip the turf. The telephone is complete from Eastham to this section (Section 6). At Warburton, there is a large cutting of the usual genus—rails, steam navvies, cranes, trucks, and engines, shrieking and rattling. A temporary wharf is also erected for landing material from the Mersey. Section 7 extends from Warburton to Irlam; here nothing much had been done when "The Skipper" was there, save stripping the soil. Section 8, Irlam to Salford, is six miles in length. At Barton the work done is enormous, considering that not many weeks had elapsed since "The Skipper" was there, when the first sod was

## OLD STYLE.



Diversion of R. Mersey. Thelwall Island.

turned. At Stick-en's Island there is a French steam navy at work (Illustration 4). The general public turned a doubting ear to the statement that the American navvies "shifted" 1,000 tons a day, were still more incredulous when they heard of the German one shifting 2,000 tons; but the French navy "shifts" 3,000 a day, and that of the hardest clay, with apparent ease. It is built after the fashion of the German machine, and works with buckets in a similar manner, but the whole of the working parts are stronger and heavier, and when complete it weighs eighty-five tons. Near this part will be the Barton Locks, and the course



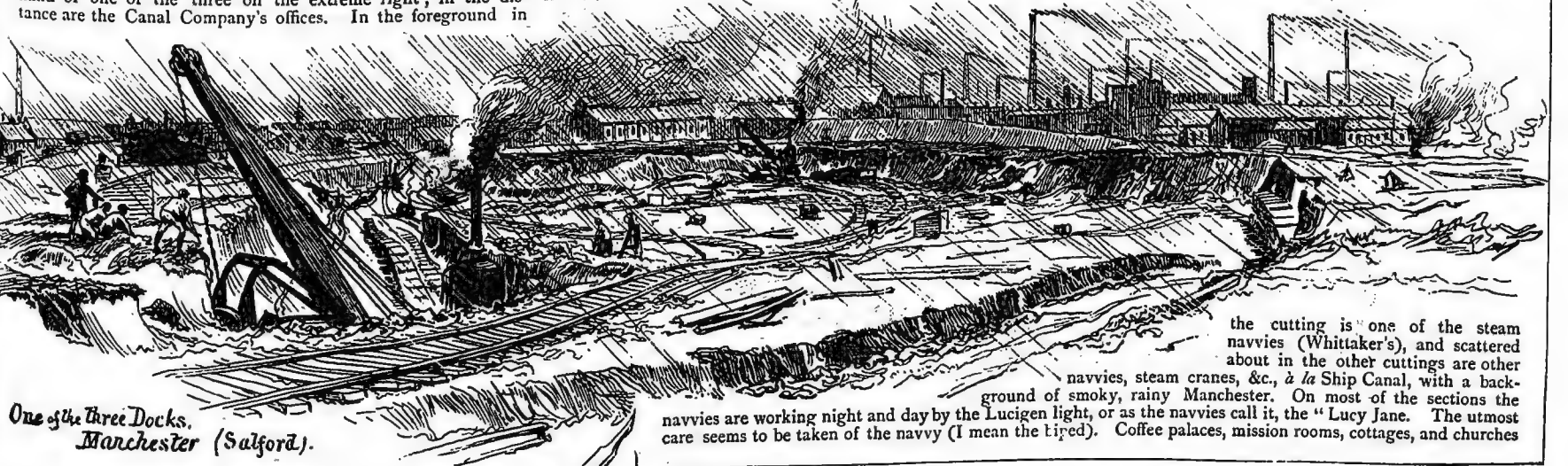
French Navy. Stick-en's Island

of the river is being altered to take the water farther from the cuttings, and make



Track Bridge R. Irwell between Eccles and Manchester.

it drier for the foundation of the locks. Passing Barton Bridge and the engine-sheds, store-room, blacksmiths' and joiners' shops, we come to the large new wall which forms the boundary of Trafford Park. Near here is a pile-bridge, built by the Ship Canal Company to carry their track line over the Irwell between Eccles and Manchester (Illustration 5). "The Skipper" had unfortunately to walk some distance that day by the banks of the Irwell. The day it was hot, and the smell it was—I believe Cologne is celebrated for its savours, I forget the number (I know one is Eau de Cologne), but it is not in it! The sketch gives a fair representation of the place; but, fortunately for the reader, it cannot give the aroma. From here to Manchester (Salford) are a series of excavations culminating in the docks at Salford, shown in the sixth and final illustration. In the new scheme there are three docks, with jetties intervening and (looking towards Manchester) the sketch represents the left-hand one of the three on the extreme right; in the distance are the Canal Company's offices. In the foreground in



One of the three Docks. Manchester (Salford).

the cutting is one of the steam navvies (Whittaker's), and scattered about in the other cuttings are other navvies, steam cranes, &c., à la Ship Canal, with a background of smoky, rainy Manchester. On most of the sections the navvies are working night and day by the Lucigen light, or as the navvies call it, the "Lucy Jane". The utmost care seems to be taken of the navy (I mean the tired). Coffee palaces, mission rooms, cottages, and churches



are provided for him; a fine staff of doctors await at the hospitals the arrival of accident cases, and trained nurses to help the doctors. Entertainments are also given to keep him amused and out of mischief. The Canal was to have been finished in four years, but Mr. T. A. Walker, the contractor, speaking at a meeting of shareholders held at St. James's Hall, Manchester, in June last, said, "He hoped at the end of three and a half years, if it should be so long, when they met on the occasion of the Canal being opened for traffic, they would greet him as cordially."

I should wish to thank Mr. E. Leader Williams and all the engineers and contractors' agents with whom I came in contact for their unvarying kindness and courtesy, when I am afraid I was often a nuisance to them. I am indebted to the *Manchester Merchant and Ship Canal News* for some of the facts embodied in this article.

CHAS. J. STANILAND, R.I.

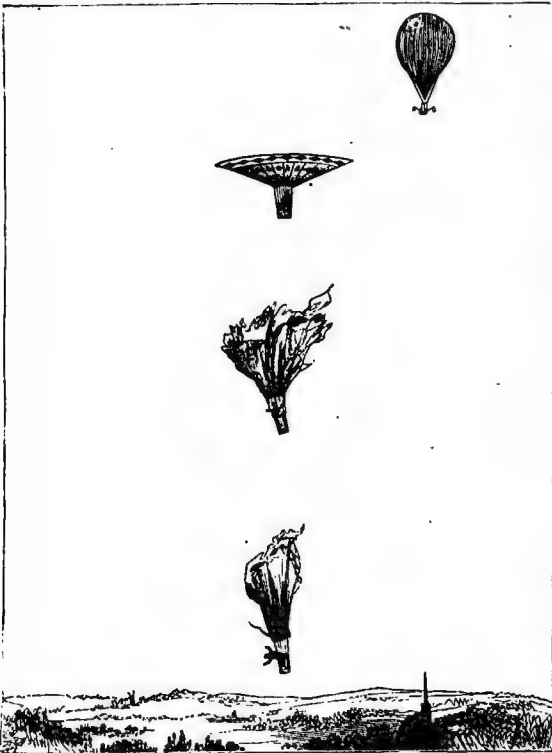
MR. COCKING'S PARACHUTE

PROFESSOR BALDWIN'S "descent from Cloudland" is not altogether such a novelty as some persons may suppose, though the feat has, perhaps, never before been systematically performed at regularly recurring intervals. Blanchard was the first who experimented with a parachute. On his ascent from Strasburg in 1787, he detached a parachute to which was attached a dog in a basket.



THE ASCENT OF THE NASSAU BALLOON WITH PARACHUTE ATTACHED, 24TH JULY, 1837

The dog reached the ground safely. Garnerin, one of the most adventurous air-navigators of the last century, repeatedly descended in a parachute from his balloon after it had reached a great height. Garnerin's parachute was like an open umbrella. It oscillated violently in descending. Cocking introduced an improvement in it



THE PARACHUTE, WITH MR. COCKING, IN THE THREE STAGES OF THE DESCENT

by giving it the form of an inverted cone. Great interest was felt in the voyage which he made in Green's great balloon from Vauxhall Gardens, July 24th, 1837. At a given signal the parachute, with Mr. Cocking on board, was detached, but the material was bad, the apparatus burst, and the unfortunate aeronaut fell headlong and was killed.—Our engraving is from a sketch made on the spot by W. R. Browne, and afterwards lithographed by William Morgan, 25, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn.

TIMBER RAFTS ON THE RHINE are often fully as large and valuable as the monster American log raft, so much discussed of late. For instance, last month a raft went down the Rhine from Mayence to Holland, which was 725 feet long and 170 feet broad. It carried a crew of 120 hands, housed in some dozen huts along the raft, and the timber was worth 20,000*l*.



THE GREAT BOND ROBBERY of the 28th October last has now been brought home to its perpetrator. On that day a boy named James Watson, in the employment of Messrs. Wilson and Sons, stockbrokers, Cornhill, was entrusted with a bag containing Uruguay and Ohio Mississippi bonds valued at 10,800*l*; and when leaving the premises of another firm in Hatton Court, Threadneedle Street, he was assaulted on the stairs, according to his own account, by a man who took the bag from him and attempted to cut his throat. As there was only a scratch under his chin, this part of his story was discredited, and some suspicion, very unjustly it will be seen, attached to him in connection with the robbery. Although a reward of 1,000*l* was offered by Messrs. Wilson, all attempts to recover the bonds and discover the thief were fruitless; the only fact elicited being that they had been offered to a money-changer in the Strand, who appears to have refused to purchase them. On Saturday last, however, after the lapse of nearly ten months, Messrs. Wilson were agreeably surprised by the receipt of a cablegram from the secretary of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway Company, announcing that some of its stolen bonds had been offered for transfer by a very respectable New York broker, who, on being questioned, said that he had received them from "F. M. R. Casey, care of McGeorge, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London." The clue thus found was at once followed up, and on Monday Casey was stopped in the street by two detectives and taken to the office of Messrs. Wilson's solicitors. There he at first denied all knowledge of the robbery, but when orders were given to arrest him and convey him to the police-station, he confessed his guilt, and completely corroborated the boy's story, with the exception of the statement that he had attempted his innocent victim's life. He asserted that at the time of the robbery he was ruined and driven to desperation by speculation with an outside broker. Failing to dispose of the bonds he kept them by him until April last, when he gave those of the Ohio and Mississippi Company to a New York broker as cover for transactions he was to have with him. At his lodgings the Uruguay bonds (7,000*l*.) were found intact along with what is described as a "knife, of fearful appearance," and all the Ohio and Mississippi bonds have been recovered at New York. On Tuesday, Casey was brought up at the Guildhall, and evidence having been given as to his arrest and avowal of guilt, he was remanded for a week.

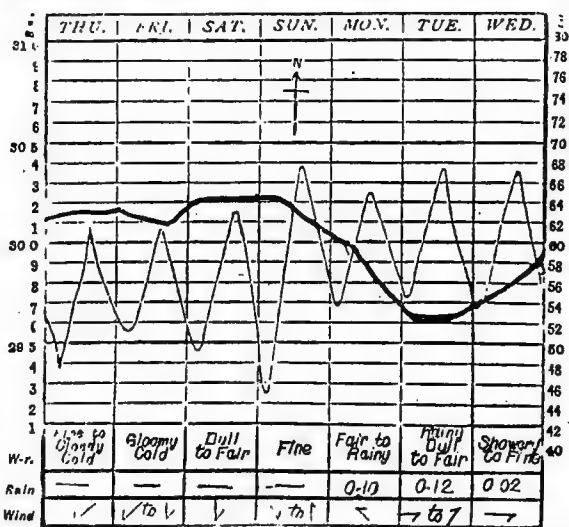
THE WORSHIP STREET POLICE MAGISTRATE has given judgment, after taking time to consider it, in the case of Messrs. Coe and Hunter, of the American Dental Association, Finsbury Square, who were charged under the Dentists Act of 1878, with practising as "Doctors of Dental Surgery" of Pennsylvania University and Boston College, and as specially qualified to practise dentistry, not being registered. As the two institutions mentioned are not in the list of those whose certificates qualify for practice in this country, Mr. Bushby had no difficulty in deciding on this point in favour of the defendants as not having used titles which implied registration. But he decided against them on the point that the title which they assumed implied a special qualification to practise dentistry. As to the hardship of the non-recognition of their diplomas as titles to registration, he remarked that he could see no reason why they should not have qualified by the means open to English dentists. Taking into consideration, however, some vagueness of expression in the Act, and also that the genuineness of their diplomas had not been questioned, he thought it sufficient to impose in each case a fine of 5*l*., and 2*s*. costs. The defendants' solicitor gave notice of appeal.

WILLIAM BARBER, thirty-seven, of the "Walthamstow mystery," has been committed for trial at the next Sessions of the Central Criminal Court on a charge of having poisoned Mrs. French.

MR. JAMES GAULT, barrister, of the Middle Temple, succeeds the late Professor Leone Levi in the chair of Commerce and Commercial Law in King's College, London.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (22nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been generally fair, but temperature has been low for the time of year, especially during the earlier part of the time. For the first day or two barometrical pressure was high in the North and North-West of our Islands, and low over France. The prevailing winds were therefore North-Easterly, with cold, cloudy weather over our Southern and South-Eastern Counties, and slight local showers. The maximum temperature in London on Thursday and Friday (16th and 17th inst.) was no higher than 61°, while at Oxford the thermometer on the former day did not rise above 55°. On Saturday (18th inst.), however, the anticyclone in the North-West extended South-Eastwards over the entire Kingdom, and the weather over England became finer and milder. On Sunday (19th inst.), the high pressure system passed away to Germany, and as a rather deep depression appeared off our extreme Western Coasts, the wind shifted to the Southward and South-Eastward generally, with a continuance of mild weather, but with an occasional shower. In the Western parts of the Kingdom heavy rain fell on Sunday and Monday (19th and 20th inst.). On Tuesday (21st inst.) the low pressure system moved away in a North-Easterly direction, and at the close of the week an anticyclonic system was apparently extending Northwards from France. Westerly winds and fair weather were therefore prevalent, but showers were occasionally experienced over our Midland and Southern Counties. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Sunday (19th inst.); lowest (29.64 inches) on Tuesday (21st inst.); range 0.59 inch. The temperature was highest (68°) on Sunday and Tuesday (19th and 21st inst.); lowest (45°) on Sunday (19th inst.); range 23°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.24 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.12 inch on Tuesday (21st inst.).



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PRESENTS will be taken to Windsor Castle for good when the Glasgow Exhibition closes. They will be arranged in cases in the Grand Vestibule of the Castle, and shown to visitors to the Royal apartments.

A SUPPLEMENTARY ARMADA TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION takes place at Drury Lane Theatre in October. Arms, pictures, and relics of all descriptions connected with the Armada period will be shown in the Grand Saloon of the Theatre.

AN INTERNATIONAL BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION opens in Paris on October 1st. One special feature will be the contributions of the Parisian illustrated papers, showing their entire process of work, from the first sketch to the finished engraving.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE IN ENGLAND occurs on November 5th next. In commemoration of the anniversary a statue will be erected close to the spot where he first set foot on English ground—Brixham, on the shore of Torbay.

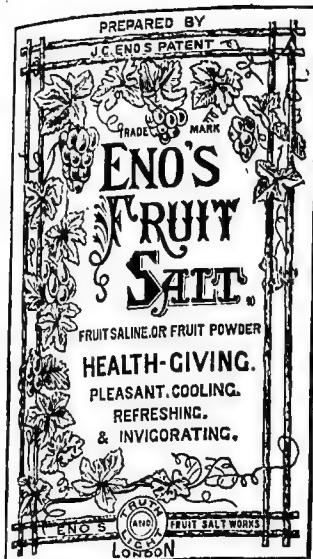
THE EXTERIOR OF THE PARIS LUXEMBOURG has been undergoing restoration for two years, and the scaffolding is only just taken down. Now the façade of the building is adorned by a bas-relief representing Fame distributing rewards to Painting and Sculpture.

THE TINY VESSEL, "THE DARK SECRET," now crossing the Atlantic from Boston to Queenstown, has again been heard from. She was spoken on August 1st in lat. 43 deg. 30 min., longitude 51 deg. 30 min., when Captain Andrews, her sole occupant, reported that he was well and required no assistance.

THE TIME OF DAY IN FRANCE is at present reckoned on three different systems—Paris time, decided by the Observatory; local time, which varies 47 min. 15 sec. between East and West; and railway time, which is five minutes behind Paris. From May 1st next, however, one uniform time will be observed throughout France—l'heure nationale—reckoned on the Paris meridian. At frontier towns there will be two clocks, showing respectively the time according to Paris and to the neighbouring country.

A REMEDY FOR CHOLERA has been found by a Russian doctor. Following the Pasteur method of inoculation, Dr. Gamaleia, of Odessa, claims that he can vaccinate patients with the cholera virus, and so render the disease innocuous. He has tried the experiments on animals with perfect success, and feels certain that the same cure would result in human beings

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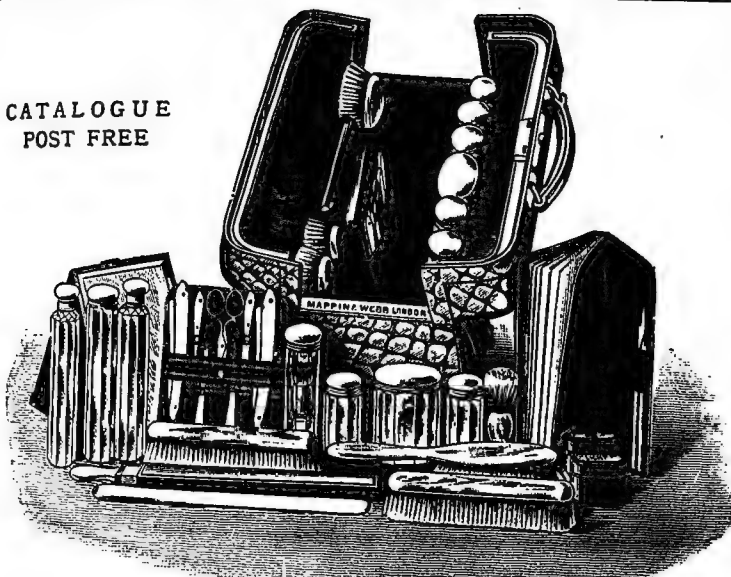
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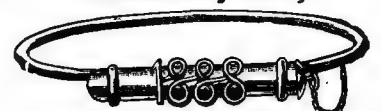
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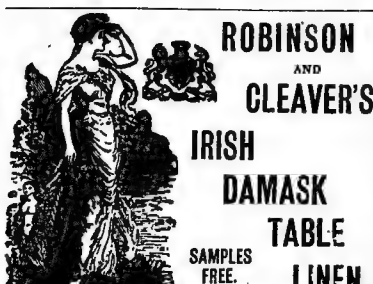
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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

At the piano sat a smooth-faced young gentleman playing a series of incoherent discords with an air of calm resolve.

# "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THOSE Oldchester persons who considered Miss Piper's artistic tendencies responsible for her occasional freedom of speech, would have been confirmed in their opinion as to the demoralising tendency of Art and Continental travel had they known how the daughters of the late Reverend Reuben Piper employed Sunday afternoon in London. Miss Patty herself had been startled at first by the idea of not only receiving callers, but listening to profane music on that day; and the sisters had had some discussion about it. When Patty demurred to the suggestion, Polly inquired whether she truly and conscientiously considered that there was anything more intrinsically wrong in seeing one's friends and opening one's piano on a Sunday than on a Monday. "No; of course not *that*," answered Patty. "If I thought it wrong, I shouldn't discuss it even with you. I should simply refuse to have anything to do with it."

"I know that, Patty," said her sister. "And I hope I am not altogether without a conscience either."

"No, Polly; but would you do this in Oldchester?"

"Certainly not."

"Then that's what I say. We ought not to have two weights and two measures. If a thing is objectionable in Oldchester, it is objectionable in London."

"Not at all. Circumstances alter cases. I may think it a good

thing to take a sponge-bath every morning; but I should not take it in public."

"Polly! How can you?"

"What I mean is, that, so long as we are not a stumbling-block of offence to other people, we have a right to please ourselves in this matter."

So Miss Polly's will prevailed, as it prevailed with her sister upon most occasions; and the Sunday receptions became an established custom.

The house in which the Miss Pipers lodged when they came to London was in a street leading out of Hanover Square. The lower part of it was occupied by a fashionable tailor—a tailor so genteel and exclusive that he scorned any appeal to the general public, and merely had the word "Groll" (which was his name) woven into the wire blind that shaded his parlour window. The rooms above were sufficiently spacious, and were, moreover, lofty—a great point in Miss Polly's opinion, as being good for sound. They were furnished comfortably, albeit rather dingily. But a few flower-pots, photographic albums, and bits of crochet-work, scattered here and there, answered the purpose—if not of decoration, at least of showing decorative intention. A grand pianoforte, bestriding a large tract of carpet in the very middle of the front drawing-room, conspicuously asserted its importance over all the rest of the furniture.

May and her uncle, accompanied by the two little boys, were shown upstairs, and, the door of the drawing-room being thrown

open, they found themselves confronted by a rather numerous assembly. The last bars of a pianoforte-piece were being performed amidst the profound silence of the auditors, and the newly-arrived party stood still near the door, waiting until the music should come to an end.

At the piano sat a smooth-faced young gentleman playing a series of incoherent discords with an air of calm resolve. Immediately behind him stood an elderly man of gentlemanlike appearance, whom May found herself watching, as one watches a person swallowing something nauseous, and involuntarily expecting him to "make a face" as each new dissonance was crashed out close to his ear. But his amiable countenance remained so serene and satisfied, that the doubt crossed her mind whether he might not possibly be deaf. In the embrasure of a window stood a very tall, thin man, whose bald head was encircled by a fringe of grizzled red hair, and whose eyes were fast shut. But as he stood up perfectly erect, with his hands folded in a prayerful attitude on his waistcoat, it was obvious that he was not asleep. Miss Piper was seated with her back towards the door and her face towards the pianist, so that May could not see it. But the composer of *Esther* nodded her head approvingly at every fresh harmonic catastrophe which convulsed the keyboard. Her satisfaction seemed to be shared by a stout lady of majestic mien, who sat near her and fired off exclamations of eulogium, such as "Charming!" "Wonderful modulation!" "Intensely wrought out," and so on—like minute guns; and with



a certain air of suppressed exasperation, as though she suspected that there *might* be persons who didn't like it, and was ready to defy them to the death. A dark-eyed girl, very plainly dressed, and holding a little leather music-roll in her hand, occupied a modest place behind this lady. Sitting close to the dark-eyed girl was a man of about thirty-five years old, well-featured, short in stature, and with reddish blonde hair and moustaches. This personage's countenance expressed a singular mixture of audacity and servility. His smile was at once impudent and false, and he listened to the music with a pretentious air of knowledge and authority. The rest of the company, with Miss Patty, were relegated, during the performance, to the back drawing-room where tea was served; and the folding-doors were closed, lest the clink of a tea-spoon, or the sibilation of a whisper, should penetrate to the music-room. But, in truth, nothing less than a crash of all the crockery on the table, and a simultaneous bellow from all the guests could have competed successfully with the pianoforte piece then in progress.

At length, with one final bang, it came to an end, and there was a general stir and movement among the company. The amiable-looking elderly man advanced towards Miss Piper with a most beaming smile, and said, in a soft refined voice.

"That is the right way, isn't it? One knows the sort of thing said by people who don't understand this school of music, the only music, in fact; but I have long been sure that this is the right way."

"Of course, it is the right way," exclaimed the stout lady, breathing indignation, not loud but deep, against all heretics and schismatics.

"We are so very, very much obliged to you, Mr. Turner," said the hostess. "That new composition of yours is really wonderful!" (And so, indeed, it was.) As Miss Piper went up to the young gentleman who had been playing the piano, and who remained quite cool and unmoved by the demonstrations of his audience, she caught sight of the group near the door, and hastened to welcome them. May was received with enthusiasm, and her uncle with one of Miss Piper's best old-fashioned curseys. Mr. Dormer-Smith began to apologise for bringing his little boys, and to explain that he had not expected to find so numerous an assembly; but Miss Piper cut him short with hearty assurances that they were very welcome, and that her sister in particular was very fond of children. Then, the doors being by this time reopened, she ushered them all into the back room, crying "Patty! Patty! Who do you think is here? May Cheffington!" and then Miss Patty added her welcome to that of her sister. Harold and Wilfred had been shyly dumb hitherto, although once or twice during the pianoforte-playing Wilfred had only saved himself from breaking into a shrill wail and begging to be taken home, by burying his face in the skirts of May's dress; but, on beholding plum-cake and other good things set forth on the tea-table, they felt that life had compensations still. They took a fancy also to the Miss Pipers, finding their eccentric ornaments a mine of interest; and before three minutes had elapsed Harold was devouring a liberal slice of cake, and Wilfred, seated close to kind Miss Patty, was diversifying his enjoyment of the cake by a close and curious inspection of that lady's bracelet, taken off for his amusement, and endeavouring to count the various geological specimens of which it was composed.

As soon as May appeared in the back drawing-room, Constance Hadlow rose from her seat in a corner behind the tea-table, and greeted her. "Dear Conny," cried May, "I am so glad to see you! Then you are staying with the Miss Pipers! I guessed you were." Mr. Dormer-Smith was then duly presented to Miss Hadlow. Constance was in very good looks, and her beauty and the quiet ease of her manner made a very favourable impression on May's uncle. Miss Hadlow found a seat for him near herself; and then turned again to May saying, "There is another Oldchester friend whom you have not yet spoken to. You remember my cousin Owen?"

May's experience of society had not yet toned down her manner to "that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." She heartily shook hands with the young man, exclaiming, "This is a day of joyful surprises. I didn't expect to see you, Mr. Rivers. Now, if we only had the dear Canon, and Mrs. Hadlow, and Granny, I think I should be *quite* happy."

"You are not a bit changed," said Owen Rivers, giving May his chair, and standing beside her in the lounging attitude so familiar to her in the garden at College Quad.

"Changed! What should change me?"

"The world."

"What nonsense!" cried May, with her old schoolgirl bluntness.

"As if I had not been living in the world all my life!"

Mr. Rivers raised his eyebrows with an amused smile.

"Well, *isn't* it nonsense," pursued May, "to talk as if a few hundred or thousand persons in one town—though that town is London—made up the world?"

"It is a phrase which every one uses, and every one understands."

"But every one does not understand it alike."

"Perhaps not."

"What did you mean by it, just now?"

"What could I mean but the world of fashion—the world par excellence? Rightly so-called, no doubt, since it affords the best field for the exercise of the higher and nobler human faculties. Those who are not in it exist, indeed; but with a half-developed, inferior kind of life, like a jelly-fish."

May laughed her frank young laugh.

"You're not changed either!" she said, emphatically.

"Did you enjoy the performance with which that young gentleman has been obliging us?" asked Rivers.

"I only heard the end of it."

"Very diplomatically answered."

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Rivers?"

"Yes, of *music*—very fond."

"So am I; but I know very little about it. Granny is a good musician."

"How fond you are of Mrs. Dobbs," said Rivers.

"I am very proud of her, too," answered May, quickly.

Owen Rivers looked at her with a singular expression, half-admiring, half-tenderly pitying—as one might look at a child whose innocent candour is as yet "unspotted from the world."

"I suppose you know all the people here," said May, looking round on the assembly.

"I know who they are, most of them."

"That tall gentleman who was standing by himself at the window with his eyes shut—who is he?"

"Mr. Jawler, a great musical critic."

"And the pleasant-faced man who seemed so delighted with the playing?"

"Mr. Sweeting. He is an enthusiastic admirer and patron of young Cleveland Turner, the pianist: a very kindly, amiable, courteous gentleman, with much money and leisure, as I am told."

"That stout lady talking to Miss Piper seems to be very musical also?"

"That is Lady Moppett: a very good sort of woman, I dare say, but fanatical. She would bowstring all us dogs of Christians who believe in melody."

"And who is that disagreeable little man in the corner?"

"Disagreeable—?"

"The little man with moustaches. There. Close to the nice-looking, dark-eyed girl."

"Oh, that man? But he is not considered disagreeable by the world in general. Miss Cheffington! He is by way of being a

rather fascinating individual; Signor Vincenzo Valli, singing-master, and composer of songs. I wonder why he condescends to favour Miss Piper with his presence."

"Is it a condescension?"

"A great condescension. Signor Valli is nothing if not aristocratic."

At this moment there was a general movement in the other room. The young pianist seated himself once more at the instrument. The various groups of talkers dispersed, and took their places to listen. May whispered nervously to Miss Patty, that perhaps she and her uncle had better go, and take away the children before the music recommenced.

"I am so afraid," she said naively, "that Willy may cry if that gentleman plays again."

Miss Patty found a way out of the difficulty, by taking the children away to her own room.

"It was no deprivation to her," she said, "not to hear Mr. Turner play." So the two little boys, laden with good things, and further enticed by the promise of picture-books, trotted off very contentedly under Miss Patty's wing. Mr. Dormer-Smith had passed into the front drawing-room, where he was chatting with Lady Moppett, who proved to be an old acquaintance of his. May was following her uncle to explain to him about the children, when Miss Piper hurried up to her with an anxious and important mien. "Sit down, my dear," she said. "Sit down. Cleveland Turner is going to play that fine Beethoven, the one in F minor, the opera 57, you know. Mr. Jawler particularly wishes to hear him perform it."

May glanced round, and seeing no place vacant near at hand, returned to the other room, and took a seat close to the folding-doors, which were now left open.

"What is our sentence?" asked Rivers.

"Do you mean what is he going to play? A piece of Beethoven's."

"Ah! Well, at least he will be having something to say this time. Remains to be seen whether he can say it."

Mr. Cleveland Turner performed the *sonata appassionata* correctly, although coldly, and with a certain hardness of style and touch. But the beauty of the composition made itself irresistibly felt; and when the piece was finished there was a murmur of applause. Mr. Jawler opened his eyes, inclined his head, opened his eyes again, and said, apparently to himself, "Yes, yes—oh, yes!" which seemed to be interpreted as an expression of approval; for Miss Piper looked radiant, and even the icy demeanour of Mr. Cleveland Turner thawed half a degree or so. Signor Valli had applauded in a peculiar fashion—opening his arms wide, and bringing his gloved hands together with apparent force, but so as to produce no sound whatever. And as he went through this dumb show of applause, he was talking all the time to the dark-eyed girl near him, with a sneering smile on his face.

Miss Piper bustled up to them. "Dear Miss Bertram," she said, "you must let us hear your charming voice. Mr. Jawler has heard of you. He would like you to sing something. Signor Valli," with clasped hands, "might I entreat you to accompany Miss Bertram in one of your own exquisite compositions? It would be such a treat—such a musical feast I may say!"

Miss Bertram unrolled her music-case in a business-like way, and spread its contents before the singing-master. "What are you going to sing, Clara?" asked Lady Moppett, turning her head over her shoulder.

"Signor Valli will choose," answered the young lady, quietly.

Valli selected a song, and offered his arm to Miss Bertram to lead her to the piano. She did not accept it instantly, being occupied in replacing the rest of her music in its case; and with a sudden, impatient gesture, Valli wheeled round and walked to the piano alone. Miss Bertram followed him composedly, and took her place beside him. May looked at her with interest, as she stood there during the few bars of introduction to the song.

Clara Bertram was not beautiful, but she had a singularly attractive face. Her dark eyes were not nearly so large, nor so finely set, as Constance Hadlow's, but they were infinitely more expressive, and her rather wide mouth revealed a magnificent set of teeth when she smiled or sang. The song selected for her was one of those compositions which, if ill-sung, or even only tolerably sung, would pass unnoticed. But Miss Bertram sang it to perfection. Her voice was very beautiful, with something peculiarly pathetic in its vibrating tones, and she pronounced the Italian words with a pure, unaffected, and finished accent.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed May, under her breath, when the song was over.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Piper, who happened to be near enough to catch the words. "I am so glad you are pleased with her! Do you think Mrs. Dormer-Smith would like her to sing now and then at a *soirée*? She wants to get known in really good houses."

Before May could answer the little woman had hurried off again, and in another minute was leading Miss Bertram up to Mr. Jawler, who spoke to the young singer with evident affability, keeping his eyes open for a full minute at a time.

Meanwhile Valli was left alone at the piano, and an ugly look came into his face as he glanced round and saw himself neglected. But his expression changed in an instant with curious suddenness when Miss Hadlow drew near, and, leaning on the instrument, addressed some words of compliment to him: "Will you not let us hear you sing, Signor Valli?" she said, presently.

Valli merely shook his head in answer, keeping his eyes fixed on Miss Hadlow's face with a look of bold admiration, and letting his fingers stray softly over the keys.

"Oh! that is a terrible disappointment."

"I don't think so," replied the singing-master, speaking very good English.

"It is, indeed."

Again he shook his head.

"It is to me, at all events."

"Well, I shall sing for you; a little song *sotto voce*, all to ourselves."

"Oh, but that would be too selfish on my part, to enjoy your singing all to myself."

"It is a very good plan to be selfish," returned Valli; and forthwith he began a little Neapolitan love-song—murmuring, rather than singing, it—and still keeping his eyes fixed on Miss Hadlow.

At the first sound of his voice, low and subdued though it was, Miss Piper held up her finger to bespeak silence. There was a general hush. Every one looked towards the piano, against which Constance was still leaning, with her back to the rest of the company. She made a little movement to withdraw to a seat, but Valli immediately ceased singing, and, under cover of a noisy *ritournelle* which he played on the piano, said to her, "I am singing for you. If you go away, my song will go away too."

"But I can't stand here by myself, Signor Valli," protested Constance, by no means displeased. At this moment Miss Piper approached to implore the *maestro* to continue, and Constance whispered to her in a few words the state of the case.

"Caprices of genius, my dear," said the little woman. "When you have seen as much of professional people as I have, you will not be astonished." Then to Valli: "Will you not continue that exquisite air? We are all dying to hear it."

"Yes; on condition that you both stay there and inspire me," answered he, with an unconcealed sneer.

Miss Piper, however, took him at his word, and linking her arm in Constance's, remained standing close to the instrument. Valli,

upon this, resumed his song. He gave it now at the full pitch of his voice, addressing it ostentatiously to Miss Hadlow, and throwing an exaggerated amount of expression into the love passages. Miss Piper was enchanted, and led off the applause enthusiastically. Valli was soon surrounded by a group of admirers, Mr. Dormer-Smith among them. May was conscious of a painful impression, which destroyed any pleasure she might have had in the song. And that Owen Rivers shared this impression was proved by his walking up to the piano, and unceremoniously putting his cousin's hand on his arm to lead her away.

"Oh, don't take Conny away, Mr. Rivers," cried Miss Piper. "Signor Valli is going to favour us with some more of his delicious national airs."

"Come and sit down, Constance," said Owen authoritatively. "Let me get you a seat also, Miss Piper," he added. "It can scarcely be necessary for the due exhibition of this gentleman's national airs to keep two ladies standing."

"Oh no, no; please don't mind me. I'm quite comfortable," said Miss Piper with a shade of vexation on her good-humoured round face. Constance remained perfectly calm and self-possessed; only a faint smile and a sparkle in her eyes revealed gratified vanity as she took the chair near May, to which her cousin conducted her.

Miss Piper shrugged up her shoulders and pursed up her mouth. "He has no idea what artists are," she whispered in Lady Moppett's ear. "And, besides, poor dear young man, he's so desperately in love with his cousin that he can't bear her to be even looked at. I only hope Signor Valli won't take offence."

But Valli, finding himself now the object of general attention, was very gracious. He sang song after song without the inspiration of Miss Hadlow's handsome face opposite to him; and he sang far better than before;—with less exaggeration, and managing his naturally defective voice with singular skill and *finesse*. But the praise and flattery which his hearers poured forth unceasingly did not seem quite to satisfy him. His glance wandered restlessly, as though in search of something; and finally, after a very clever rendering of an old air by Carissimi, he addressed himself suddenly to Miss Bertram, who was standing somewhat apart in the background, and asked, in Italian,

"Is the Signorina content?"

"I always like your singing of that aria," she answered, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone.

"Like it, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Moppett, with her severest manner. "I should think you did like it, Clara! And you ought to profit by it. To hear singing so finished—of such a perfect school—is a lesson for you."

Valli, upon this, made a low bow to Lady Moppett—a bow so low as to seem almost burlesque. As he raised his face again he turned it towards Miss Bertram with a subtle smile, saying, "Miladi is such a judge! Her praise is very precious." Clara, however, kept an impassive countenance, and declined to meet the glance he shot at her. Then Valli made a second and equally low bow to the hostess, and, cutting short her ecstatic compliments and thanks, left the room without further ceremony.

The party now broke up. Lady Moppett departed with Miss Bertram and Mr. Jawler, to whom she offered a seat in her carriage. Mr. Cleveland Turner and his patron, Mr. Sweeting, went away together. In a few minutes there only remained Mr. Dormer-Smith, with his niece, and Owen Rivers. Miss Patty bustled in with the two children. "Dear me," said she. "Is the music all over? Well, now let us be comfortable."

But Mr. Dormer-Smith declared he must reluctantly bring his visit to an end. "I don't know how to thank you," said he to Miss Patty, "for your kindness to my children. I hope you will forgive me for bringing them."

Miss Patty heartily assured him that there was nothing to forgive, and that she hoped he would bring them again. She had gathered from the artless utterances of Harold and Wilfred an idea of their home life, which made her feel compassionately towards them.

As for Miss Polly, she was in the highest spirits. Mr. Jawler and Signor Valli, both stars of considerable magnitude in the musical world, had shone for her with unclouded lustre. It had been, she thought, a highly successful afternoon. So, also, thought Harold and Wilfred. And perhaps these were the only three persons who had enjoyed themselves thoroughly and unaffectedly.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE London season proceeded with its usual accumulation of engagements, its usual breathless chase after half-hours that have got too long a start ever to be recaptured, its usual fleeting satisfactions and abiding disappointments, its snubs, sneers, smiles, follies, falsehoods, and flirtations. The rushing current of fashionable life in London carried little May Cheffington on its surface, together with many brazen vessels of a very different kind. Constance Hadlow observed half-enviously to her friend that she was thoroughly "in the swim," a phrase which May found singularly inappropriate in her own case, feeling that there was no more question of a swim than in shooting Niagara! To her, especially, the whirl of society was confusing, phantasmagoric, and unreal. All the faces were new to her, few of the names awoke any associations in her mind. On the other hand, this peculiar inexperience gave freshness to her impressions and keenness to her insight. She had none of those social traditions which, nine times out of ten, supply the place of private judgment. She found her impression of many personages startlingly at variance with the label which the world had agreed to affix to them. It is possible to be at once simple and shrewd, just as it is possible to be both *ruse* and dull-witted.

May's simplicity was not of the blundering thick-skinned type; and her ingenuous freshness was admired by a great many persons, among whom was Mrs. Griffin. Far from being offended by May's moral indignation against those who accepted the hospitality of vulgar people, and then ridiculed them for being vulgar, Mrs. Griffin entirely approved her sentiments. Mrs. Griffin herself deplored, as she often said, "the servility towards mere money, which was degrading the tone of society." And whenever any new instance of it came to her knowledge, she would shake her head, and exclaim, softly, "Oh, Mammon, Mammon!" But this did not, of course, apply to her daughter the Duchess, who sometimes went to the Aaronsohns'. Her daughter was so very great a lady as to be above ordinary restrictions. Other people worshipped Mammon; the Duchess only patronised Mammon—which was, surely, a very different thing!

Aunt Pauline, however, derived no gratification from May's unconventional frankness. It was, on the contrary, a source of constant anxiety to her; and she felt daily more and more that it would be a relief to get May off her hands. Introducing her niece into Society—even although the niece was a pretty girl, and a Cheffington to boot—had not proved so pleasing a task as she had anticipated. There was, to her thinking, a strange perversity in the girl's character, which made her callous where she should be sensitive, and sensitive where she might well be indifferent. For instance, she showed culpable coolness about her great-uncle Castlecombe and his family, and provoking warmth about her Oldchester friends. Not that May was apt to speak much of her life in Oldchester. In the natural course of things she would have talked freely and eagerly about her dear granny; but very soon after her arrival in London, her affectionate loquacity on this subject received a check. Aunt Pauline had hinted, with her usual mild politeness, that it would be desirable not to speak of Mrs. Dobbs before Smithson, or



any of the servants. Seeing the startled look in May's eyes, and the indignant flush on May's cheeks, her aunt added diplomatically, "Your father would not like it, May. I am trying to carry out his expressed wishes. That ought to be enough for you."

It was enough, at all events, to close May's lips. Her love and pride combined to make her silent. She tried to persuade herself that her father, at all events, had some good and reasonable motive for this prohibition, and that he, at least, was not ashamed of Mrs. Dobbs. Ashamed of Granny! The very thought made her hot with anger. But that Aunt Pauline was ashamed of her was too clear to May's honest mind. Painful as this conviction was, however, she came by degrees to hold it rather in sorrow than in anger; and to regard her aunt with something of the same indulgent toleration that Mrs. Dobbs had once expressed to Jo Weatherhead. For Mrs. Dormer-Smith's worldliness was not at all of a cynical sort. It was rather in the nature of a deep-rooted superstition conscientiously held.

To some points of her worldly creed Pauline clung with religious fervour. One of these was the duty incumbent on a dowerless young lady to marry well. To marry very well was to marry a man with birth and money; but to secure a husband with money only—provided there were enough of it—she allowed to be marrying well. She did not look at the matter with vulgar flippancy. It was, no doubt, a sacrifice for a well-born woman to become the wife of an under-bred man, however wealthy. But well-born women were no less called upon than their humbler sisters to make sacrifices in a good cause.

None of the Castlecombes much frequented fashionable society, and Mrs. Dormer-Smith had hitherto resigned herself, without much difficulty, to seeing very little of her noble kinsfolk. But when May was introduced, her aunt thought it desirable to cultivate them. Lord Castlecombe's big, gloomy, family mansion in town had been let ever since his wife's death many years ago; and whenever his lordship came to London to give his vote in the House of Peers—which was almost the sole object that had power to bring him up from the country—he occupied furnished lodgings. Of his two sons, both bachelors, the elder was governor of a colony on the other side of the globe, and the younger held a permanent post under Government. This Lucius Cheffington occasionally met Mr. Dormer-Smith at the club, and exchanged a few words with him. Captain Cheffington, on his penultimate visit to England, when his ungrateful country declined to provide for him, had quarrelled with all the Castlecombes, and had made himself particularly obnoxious to Lucius; for Lucius, whom his cousin considered a solemn ass, held a lucrative place, whilst Augustus, who knew himself to be a remarkably clever fellow, with immense knowledge of the world, was relegated to poverty and obscurity. But Pauline had not quarrelled with them. She would not willingly have quarrelled with any one, least of all with her Uncle Castlecombe and his family. And as to Mr. Dormer-Smith, it chanced that the one point of sympathy between himself and his cousin-in-law Lucius was the latter's cordial dislike to Gus. Nevertheless, the dislike did not descend to Gus's daughter. Lucius was pleased to approve of his young kinswoman, none the less, perhaps, that it was evident her father troubled himself little about her.

Mr. Dormer-Smith knew very well that the most effectual way of winning Lord Castlecombe's goodwill for his grand-niece was to assure his lordship that he would not be called upon to do anything for her. He, therefore, confidentially informed Lucius that the girl's grandmother in Oldchester was defraying her expenses, and would, no doubt, eventually provide for her altogether. The sagacity of this course was proved soon afterwards, when Lucius announced that his father would come and dine with Pauline the next time he should be in town, and make Miranda's acquaintance.

This was well. And even as to May's Oldchester friends matters turned out better than her aunt could have hoped. In the first place, the Misses Piper showed no disposition whatever to force themselves on Mrs. Dormer-Smith. That being the case, there was no objection to May's going to see them every Sunday with her uncle and the children. To Harold and Wilfred these Sunday visits were such a delightful break in the dull routine of their lives that their father would have endured considerable boredom and discomfort rather than deprive them of it. But, in fact, he was not bored. Whenever the music became too severe, he could withdraw into the tea-room, where he always found some one to chat with. Possibly he, too, felt these Sundays to be a break in the monotony of his daily life. There was a cordial, hearty tone about the hostesses which was decidedly pleasant, although he was aware that Pauline would pronounce it sadly underbred. But Pauline was not there to be shocked, and there were some red drops in Mr. Dormer-Smith's veins (he was not quite so blue-blooded as his wife) which warmed to this plebeian kindness. Sometimes even the moisture would come into his eyes when he watched his little boys clinging familiarly about Miss Patty as they never clung about their mother. The good-natured old maid, had won the children's hearts completely. They were overheard one day in a lively discussion as to which was the prettier, Miss Patty or Cousin May: Wilfred inclining, on the whole, to award the palm of beauty to his cousin, but Harold powerfully arguing in favour of Miss Patty that she had such "beautiful curls" (an ingenious, and probably unique, tribute to the gingerbread-coloured wig!) and a "shiny brooch like a butterfly."

Then Constance Hadlow, whom Mrs. Dormer-Smith had unwillingly invited to lunch one day with her former schoolfellow, proved to be in every respect "most presentable," as Aunt Pauline herself candidly admitted. So presentable was she in fact, so handsome, self-possessed, and even (on the mother's side) well-connected, that there might have arisen objections of a different sort against receiving her, as being a dangerous competitor for that solemn duty of marrying well. But a chance word of May's to the effect that young Bransby had long been an admirer of Constance, and that they were supposed by many persons in Oldchester to be engaged to each other, relieved Aunt Pauline's mind on that score.

"It would be very suitable," she said approvingly. "I think Mr. Bransby a very nice person; so quiet."

The subject of this glowing eulogism had not appeared at Mrs. Dormer-Smith's receptions for some time. He had been ordered into the country, to cure a violent cold by change of air; and although he much disliked leaving town at that moment, he never thought of neglecting his physician's advice. Theodore's mother had been consumptive; and the fear that he inherited her constitution made him anxiously careful of his health. Immediately on his return to London he presented himself, about half-past five o'clock one Thursday afternoon, in Mrs. Dormer-Smith's drawing-room, and experienced a shock of disagreeable surprise on finding Constance Hadlow seated near May at the tea-table. May, innocently supposing that she was doing him a good turn, gave him her place, and went to another part of the room. But Constance coolly greeted him with a "How d'y'e do, Theodore?" in a tone of the politest insipidity, which he sincerely approved of. Nevertheless, he would rather not have found her there. On glancing round he was struck by several innovations. In the first place, the pianoforte—usually a dumb piece of furniture in Mrs. Dormer-Smith's house—stood open, with some loose sheets of music lying on it; and Signor Vincenzo Valli sat, teacup in hand, smiling his false smile beside Mrs. Griffin. Theodore knew perfectly well who Signor Valli was; and it needed not Mrs. Griffin's gracious demeanour to instruct this rising young man that

Valli was sufficiently the fashion to be worth being civil to. But he was surprised to find him there. His surprises, however, were not at an end; for whom should he behold in familiar conversation And near them was—he could hardly believe his eyes—Mr. Bragg! It seemed to Theodore as if there had been a conspiracy amongst his acquaintance to make all sorts of fresh combinations on the social chess-board during his brief absence. He felt that it was necessary for him to take an accurate survey of the new positions. But he saw no immediate opportunity of doing so; for there was no one at hand to interrogate, except Constance Hadlow, who, of course, knew nothing. She must be spoken to, however; but he would cut the conversation as short as possible.

Thoughts—even the weighty thoughts of a diplomatically-minded young gentleman—move quickly, and there was scarcely any perceptible pause between Constance's greeting and his gravely polite remark that it was quite an unexpected pleasure to see her there.

"Yes; I came up a few weeks ago with the Pipers."

"Oh! you are staying with them?" (This with a strong flavour of his superior manner; for the Pipers were really nobodies.)

"And what have you been doing with yourself? I haven't seen you anywhere," said Constance, coolly.

"I have been out of town. But in any case we might possibly not have met. Have you been going out much?"

"Oh, as much as most people, I suppose. I was at the Aaronsohn's dance last night."

"The Aaronsohns!" exclaimed Theodore. (This time he was so astonished that he spoke quite naturally.) "I didn't know that you knew them."

"Oh, I don't know them."

"Then how did you get—I mean—"

"How did I get there? Dear me, Theodore, your visit to the country has given you a refreshing buttercup-and-daisy kind of air! Do you suppose that the Aaronsohns' ball-room was filled with their personal friends and acquaintances? Mrs. Griffin got me an invitation."

Now to be presented to Mrs. Griffin and to be invited to the Aaronsohn's were pet objects of Theodore Bransby's social ambition, and he had not yet compassed either of them.

"Oh, indeed!" said he, struggling, under the disadvantage of conscious ill-humour, to maintain that air of indifference to all things in Heaven and earth which he imagined to be the completest manifestation of high breeding. "I suppose that was achieved through Mrs. Dormer-Smith's influence."

"Not altogether. It was May Cheffington who first introduced me to Mrs. Griffin. She's just the same dear little thing as ever,—I don't mean Mrs. Griffin! But Mrs. Griffin found out that she had known my grandfather Rivers. I believe they were sweethearts in their pinafores a hundred years ago; so she has been awfully nice to me."

While Constance was speaking, Theodore's eye lighted on Mr. Bragg, solid and solemn, wearing that look of melancholy respectability which is associated with the British workman in his Sunday clothes. "Oh, and Mr. Bragg was at the Aaronsohn's, too," said Constance following the young man's glance. "Fancy Mr. Bragg at a ball!"

"Did Mrs. Griffin know his grandfather?" asked Theodore, with a sneer.

It was clear to Constance that he had quite lost his temper. Otherwise he would not, she felt sure, have said anything in such bad taste. But she replied calmly, "I don't think Mr. Bragg ever had a grandfather. But he is rich enough to do without one. It is poor persons like you and me who find grandfathers necessary—or, at all events, useful."

Theodore understood the sarcasm of this quiet speech, and it helped him to master his growing irritation. There are some natures on which a moral buffet acts as a sedative.

"Was it your friend Miss Piper who brought Mr. Bragg here?" he asked, showing no sign of having felt the blow, except a slight increase of pallor.

"Oh dear, no! The Pipers have never been here themselves, except to leave a card at the door. This is not the kind of society they care for, you know. I saw Mr. Bragg come in to-day with May's cousin, Mr. Lucius Cheffington, but I can't say whether he first introduced him or not."

"Is that Mr. Lucius Cheffington?"

"That man talking to Owen?—Yes."

"Mrs. Dormer-Smith has rather a mixed collection this afternoon. I see Valli over there. You know whom I mean? That short, foreign man near—"

"Oh, yes; Signor Valli is a great ally of mine. He's delightful, I think. His airs and graces are so amusing. I can tell you how he comes to be here, if you like," returned Constance, placidly. She was secretly enjoying Theodore's discomfiture. He had expected to play the part of town mouse, and to patronise and instruct her. "The fact is," she continued, "that Lady Moppett begged Mr. Dormer-Smith to induce his wife to have her protégée, Miss Bertram, to sing here on Thursday afternoons, promising, as a kind of bait, to get Valli to come too. I don't think Mrs. Dormer-Smith particularly wished to have Miss Bertram; but she thought it would be nice to have Valli, who is run after by the best people, and is very difficult to get hold of. So the negotiation succeeded. It is too funny how one has to *ménager* and coax these professional people. If you don't want any more information just now, I think I will go and speak to Mrs. Griffin." Whereupon Constance glided away, self-possessed and graceful, and with a becoming touch of animation bestowed by the consciousness that she had been mistress of the situation.

Theodore looked decidedly blank for the moment. No one bestowed any attention on him. As he sat watching, he was struck by the evidently familiar way in which Owen Rivers and Mr. Cheffington were talking together. He himself particularly desired to be introduced to Lucius Cheffington, but a secret, grudging feeling made him unwilling to owe the introduction to Rivers. Presently Rivers moved away to join May and Miss Bertram, who were turning over some music together, and Mr. Bragg took his place near Mr. Cheffington. This was the opportunity which Theodore had wished for. He at once rose and walked up to them. Theodore's manner was never servile, but there was an added gravity in his demeanour towards certain persons, intended to show that he thought them worth taking seriously; and this tribute he rendered to Mr. Bragg. For, although the young man had by no means forgotten Mr. Bragg's deplorable insensibility to an enlightened view of the currency question, yet he prided himself on thoroughly understanding that the great tin-tackmaker's claims to consideration rested on a solid basis quite apart from culture or intelligence.

"I wish," said Theodore, after the first salutations, "that you would do me the favour to make me known to Mr. Lucius Cheffington. I know so many members of his family, but I have not the pleasure of his personal acquaintance."

Mr. Bragg eyed him with his usual heavy deliberation. "Oh," said he, slowly, "this is Mr.—I don't call to mind your Christian name—eh? Oh, yes—Mr. Theodore Bransby."

Mr. Lucius Cheffington made an unusually low bow, his pride being of the sort which manifests itself in the most ceremonious politeness.

He was a small, lean man, with a pale face deeply lined by ill-health and a fretful temperament. He had closely-shaven cheeks

and chin; heavy, grizzled moustaches; and very thick, grizzled hair, which he wore rather long. His voice was harsh, though subdued, and he spoke very slowly, making such long pauses as occasionally tempted unwary strangers to finish his sentences for him. A double eye-glass with tortoise-shell rims was set astride his nose; and behind the glasses two dark, near-sighted eyes looked out, somewhat superciliously, upon a world which fell sadly short of what a Cheffington had a right to expect.

"I have the pleasure of knowing your cousin, Captain Augustus Cheffington, very well indeed," said Theodore.

Lucius bowed again and adjusted his eyeglass. A shade of surprise and annoyance passed over his face. His cousin Augustus had been a sore subject with the family for years; and latterly such rumours as had reached England about him had not made the subject more agreeable.

"I have often thought," pursued Theodore, quite unaware that his listener was regarding him with a mixture of astonishment and disfavour, "that it is a great pity a man of Captain Cheffington's abilities and accomplishments should live out of England; unless, indeed, he held some diplomatic appointment abroad. In my opinion these are times in which the great old families should hold fast by the public service. As I ventured to say to one of our county members the other day—" And so on, and so on. Having thus happily launched himself, Theodore proceeded in his best Parliamentary style: holding forth with a power of self-complacent and steady boredom beyond his years. A sensitive person would have been petrified by the unsympathising stare from behind those tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses; but Theodore was not sensitive to such influences: being fortified by the *à priori* conviction that he must naturally make a favourable impression. And since Lucius Cheffington could not, compatibly with his own dignity, plainly tell him that he considered him a presumptuous young ass, there was nothing to check his flow of eloquence.

But at length the cold stare was softened, and the pale, peevish, furrowed face turned to Theodore with a faint show of interest. Some casual word of this intrusive young man's seemed to show that he came from Oldchester.

"Do you know—a Mrs.—a Dobbs?" asked Lucius, speaking for the first time, and edging in this point-blank question between two of Theodore's neatly-turned sentences setting forth a political parallel between the late Lord Tweedledum and the present Right Honourable Tweedledee.

It was a shock; but Theodore bore it stoically.

"Not exactly. I have spoken with her. Mrs. Dobbs is not precisely—in our set," he answered, with a slight smile at one corner of his mouth, intended to demolish Mrs. Dobbs.

"I thought that, being a native of Oldchester, you might—a—be—" began Mr. Cheffington in his low, harsh tones.

"Be acquainted with her? Really—"

"I thought that, being a native of Oldchester, you might—a—be able to tell me something about her."

"Not much, I fear," replied Theodore. He felt tempted to add that in Oldchester there were natives and natives.

"She's—a—rich, isn't she?" pursued Mr. Cheffington.

"Not that I know of," answered Theodore, staring a little.

"Rich is, perhaps, too much to say. At any rate she is—a—quite well—"

"Well off? Oh, as to that—"

"At any rate, she is quite well-to-do, I presume!"

Theodore had never considered the question, but he said, "Oh yes," at a venture; and then suddenly a light flashed upon his mind. Perhaps Mrs. Dobbs was rich after all. Though she lived in so humble a style she might, perhaps, have laid by money.

"She appears to be a person of—a—great—good sense," said Mr. Lucius Cheffington, remembering how Mrs. Dormer-Smith had stated that she declined to give any money-assistance to Augustus. And after that he made a second very low bow, and brought the interview to an end.

Little had Theodore Bransby expected to hear Mrs. Dobbs discussed and approved by a member of the noble house of Castlecombe. He had noticed that Mrs. Dormer-Smith systematically avoided any mention of the vulgar old woman. But then Mrs. Dormer-Smith was a person of the very finest taste. And, to be sure, it could scarcely be expected that Mr. Lucius Cheffington should feel Augustus's *mésalliance* as acutely as it was felt by Augustus's own sister. Besides, if, as really seemed possible, the ironmonger's widow turned out to be a moneyed person—I! But it must be recorded of Theodore, that not even the idea of her having money reconciled him to Mrs. Dobbs. He said to himself afterwards, when he was meditating on what he had heard, that nothing so convincingly proved how much he was in love with Miss Cheffington as his being ready even to forgive her her grandmother!

(To be continued)



MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—A group of seven songs for the drawing-room consists of "Under the Shadow," a sacred canzonet, written and composed by C. S. Burton and Walter Hay, a song of a very good devotional type; "Palmyra," words by Reatrice Walsh, music by Emily Walsh, a simple and tuneful love ditty; "The World were Dark without Thee," a duet for soprano and tenor, written and composed by Vernon Stuart and Stanislaus Elliott; "To-Day or To-Morrow!" words by Clifton Bingham, music by Cyril C. Harrison; "O'er the Green Sward," written and composed by Fanny Fisher and Arthur Yorke; and two songs, entitled "A Picture of Love" and "Across the Meadows," written and composed by H. W. Mence and W. Gearon Laurens. For all these songs, with one exception, love forms the leading theme; this will ensure the approbation of the young folks.—From "The Violinist's Album" of original, classical, operatic, and popular duets for violin and piano, edited by Josef Trousselle, we have a showy "Salterella" (No. 1) by Hermann Sachs, "Cavatina" in A (No. 8) by Josef Trousselle, "Romance" (No. 9) by Franz Leideritz, and "A Tone Poem" by Bessie Friend (No. 19). All four will be found useful by amateur executants.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—A bright song of medium compass is "Olden Times," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and Henry Farmer.—Well adapted for a country concert or musical reading is "The Borderers," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Charles H. Lloyd; it is written for a baritone voice.—A pleasing drawing-room song is "In Memory Fair," written and composed by E. Cameron and S. Portman.—A pretty poem of the tender passion is "A Lover's Lay," by James C. Hewitt, set to music by Henry T. Tiltman, who has also composed a fairly good "Air de Ballet," and a somewhat commonplace "Gavotte."—"Gigue" (in D minor) for the piano, by Walter W. Hedgcock, is a *morceau* of more than average merit; the same cannot be said of "Bourrée," by the same composer.—"Gavotte," for violin and piano, by Benjamin Godard, is clever and melodious, as are most of this composer's works.—A graceful specimen of dance music is "Midnight Dreams," valse, by Henry Klussmann





VALLEY PARK, LOOKING EAST



ENTRANCE TO HARBOUR



HAYBURN WYKE



THE SPA PROMENADE



THE KEEP, SCARBOROUGH CASTLE



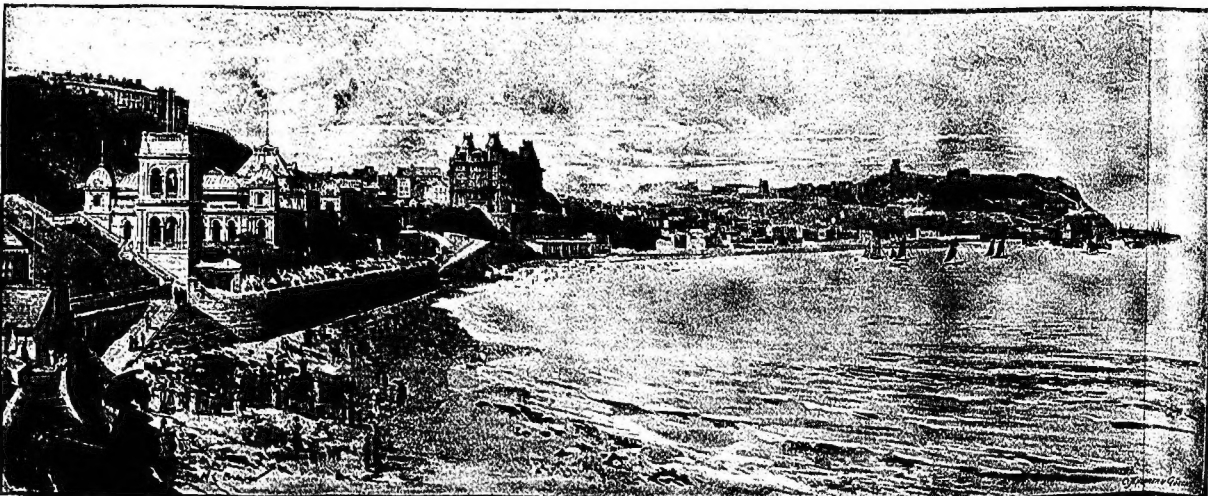
NORTH BAY



LAKE IN VALLEY PARK



SCALBY MILLS, NORTH BAY



GENERAL VIEW FROM SPA GARDENS



FORGE VALLEY



CARNELIAN BAY

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY RESORTS—SCARBOROUGH





CAPTAIN PERRY'S excellent little book, "Rank, Badges, and Dates in Her Majesty's Army and Navy" (William Clowes and Sons), has deservedly reached a second edition. The work has been thoroughly revised, and nearly one hundred pages of fresh matter have been introduced into the new edition. The book is one of the best authorities on the dress and etiquette of the Naval and Military services yet published, the information it contains being excellently arranged, and extremely easy of reference.

"Will-Making Made Safe and Easy," by J. A. Rumsey (James Hogg), is a useful little book for those desirous of making their wills without the aid of a solicitor. Full instructions are set forth in plain and simple language, without having recourse to legal technicalities, as to the making of wills under a variety of circumstances.

The type-writer has come into such general use now-a-days that Mr. John Harrison's book, "A Manual of the Type-Writer" (Isaac Pitman and Son), will be welcomed by many. The manual not only contains practical information as to the best method of working a type-writer, but it also explains the use of each part of the machine in detail.

Dr. E. Pick in his book on "Memory and Its Doctors" (Trübner and Co.) endeavours to show how the memory can be strengthened without recurring to artificial means, and without cramming the mind with things difficult to retain; and gives practical specimens of his method. An interesting feature of the book is a summary of the history of mnemonics from the earliest times (B.C. 470).

A book admirably adapted for amateurs, which has reached its sixth edition, is the "Gardeners' Receipt Book," by William Jones (Groombridge and Sons, 6, Panyer Alley, E.C.). The new edition contains a good many recipes not to be found in previous ones; and the information to be found therein is set forth in a concise and intelligible form.

The frontispiece to the new volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell and Co.) is a nicely-coloured picture entitled "Gee-Up." It contains the usual store of instructive and amusing juvenile stories, and the illustrations throughout are excellent.

Another magazine excellent in its way, issued by the same publishers as the above, is *Cassell's Saturday Journal*. The latest volume has a complete story by Mr. G. Manville Fenn running through its pages, besides containing a numerous collection of short stories.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. are publishing an extremely instructive series of large coloured cartoons, from original designs by leading artists, each illustrating some important event in English history. For use in schools they should prove invaluable, as accuracy of detail has not been sacrificed to pictorial effect. We have before us "King John Signing Magna Charta," by C. Gregory, R.W.S., and "Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort," by E. Blair Leighton, both of which are vigorous specimens of artistic work.

The amount of information on all kinds of subjects to be found in *Cassell's Miniature Cyclopædia*, edited by Mr. W. L. Clowes (Cassell and Co.), is astounding. The volume is issued in a handy form, suitable for carrying in the pocket, and the information is concisely and intelligibly arranged. It greatly resembles a similar volume published by Messrs. Low and Co., and noticed in these columns a few weeks back, both volumes being based upon Dr. Kürschner's "Taschen-Konversations Lexicon."

Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's "Pocket Gazetteer of the World" (John Walker and Co.) is issued in such a neat and compact little volume that the information to be found in its pages, relative to the most important places on the earth's surface, is necessarily somewhat limited; but as a condensed gazetteer the idea is admirably—and, as far as can be judged, correctly—carried out. A useful collection of maps and tables supplementing the volume add materially to the value of the work.

Philip's Handy Volume Atlases of "Australasia" and "British America" form Nos. 3 and 4 respectively of their excellent "Handy Volume Series" (George Philip and Son). Both volumes contain, besides carefully executed maps and plans, geographical, statistical, and historical notices, which have been written especially for this series by Mr. J. F. Williams, F.R.G.S., and they cannot fail to prove of service to all interested in our Colonies.

With the holidays comes the usual avalanche of guide-books—Continental and otherwise—many of which are simply new editions of old works. Amongst these we may mention "London in 1888," by Mr. Herbert Fry (Allen and Co.), "Summer Tours in Scotland—Glasgow to the Highlands" (Glasgow: David Macbrayne), and "The Great Eastern Railway Company's Tourist Guide to the Continent," edited by Percy Lindley (123, Fleet Street). Each, in its way, is a good specimen of what a guide-book should be, and is crowded with information useful to tourists.

"The Guide to the Most Picturesque Tour in Western Europe" (Cork: Gill and Co.) is full of interesting details and excellent views of the beautiful scenery of Glengarriff and Killarney and will well repay a careful perusal.

One of the best guide-books to Stockholm yet published is "The Illustrated Guide to Stockholm and Its Environs," by F. Heurlin (Stockholm, C. A. V. Landholm). It is full of capital engravings illustrating the places of interest in the town, and contains two capital maps.

"The Illustrated Guide to Geneva" (Geneva: Printing Press of the *Tribune de Genève*) is much easier reading than the generality of guidebooks, and, at the same time, there is to be found in its pages a vast amount of useful information. The book also contains an excellent plan of the city, and the etchings and engravings of the town are admirable.

The latest addition to Mr. Edward Stanford's cheap little guides to English counties is "Gloucestershire," by Mr. R. N. Worth. Besides the usual guidebook information Mr. Worth gives a capital account of the history and geology of the county, and the book is prefaced by an excellent map.

Dr. John Macpherson's "Baths and Wells of Europe" (Edward Stanford) has reached a third edition, and those who are advised to undergo this treatment would derive some valuable information from a careful perusal of the work.

We have received from Messrs. Macmillan and Co. the most recent editions of Dickens's "Dictionary of London" and "Dictionary of the Thames." These useful hand-books are so well known that it is unnecessary to do more than chronicle their re-appearance.

Andrew Thomson's "Yachting Guide for 1888" (Thames Yacht Agency, 5, Adelphi Terrace, Strand, W.C.), contains a great amount of general information useful to all connected with yachts and yachting, in a small space. An interesting feature of the Guide is a list of the winning yachts for 1887.

The latest additions to the "Illustrated Europe" series of guide-books are "Zurich and Its Environs" and "The Brünig Railway" (Zurich: Orell Füssli and Co.). The former describes the chief places of interest in and around the town, and the latter the country traversed by the new railway over the famous Brünig Pass. Both volumes are profusely illustrated and carefully compiled.

Mr. Black gives a thoroughly comprehensive account of every place of interest in Corsica, and the best method of getting there

in his "Itinerary through Corsica" (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black). The book also contains an excellent summary of the history of Corsica, together with several useful maps.

The author of "To Gibraltar and Back in an Eighteen-Tonner" (W. H. Allen and Co.) is evidently an enthusiast of yachting, or he would not have ventured to cross the Bay of Biscay early in April in a small boat. He has, however, produced a delightfully interesting book, and one that all lovers of yachting may read both with profit and pleasure. The book contains several prize-winning photographs and engravings, and a carefully-executed chart showing the exact course taken by the yacht.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have added to their list of excellent railway guides that of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, which contains the usual amount of interesting information and illustrations always to be found in this series.

A great amount of matter useful to tourists is packed into a small compass in Messrs. Heywood and Son's Penny Guide Books, of which "Knaresborough" is the latest addition. The book is illustrated by a series of wood-cuts, and the information, though somewhat limited, is arranged in an interesting and thoroughly readable form.

Lovers of the Clyde will welcome the advent of Pollock's "Dictionary of the Clyde" (Glasgow: John Menzies and Co.), which contains descriptions of the different towns, villages, &c., that the river passes through. The description of Glasgow is exceptionally good, occupying a space of nearly fifteen pages. The book also contains a map of the river—very good in its way; but we think it would be an improvement if it were drawn to a larger scale.

Those who have a day or two to spare, and are uncertain where to spend it, cannot do better than consult Mr. Smart's "Tours and Excursions in Great Britain" (United States Exchange, 9, Strand, W.C.), which not only caters for those with a very limited time at their disposal, but also for those free from the restraint of business. The book contains particulars of so many charming excursions that, after reading it, no one should be at a loss to know where to spend either a short or a long holiday pleasantly.

"Saturday to Monday," by K. F. Bellairs (T. P. Chapman, 149, Strand, W.C.), is a series of papers on yachting, fishing, &c., being personal adventures encountered by the author and his friends. The book has no great literary merit, but most of the stories are interesting, and it will no doubt answer its purpose of beguiling an occasional hour's railway journey.

We have received the third edition of "Holidays Afloat" (George Philip and Son), and the second edition of "The Advertiser's A.B.C." (F. V. White and Co.), both of which have already been noticed in these columns.

To explain the meaning of "Pictures at Play, or Dialogues of the Galleries," by "Two Art-Critics" (Longmans), we cannot do better than quote the following lines from the preface:—"It is familiar to all that the old portraits in old houses habitually came out of their frames at night, and walked and talked, but it may be less generally credited that the people in the new pictures in the Academy also have their play-time, and exchange their ideas about Art and Life. Their conversation has this year been overheard and set down in the following dialogues by two Art critics." Some of the presumptive dialogues are extremely pungent, one of the best being that which is supposed to take place between two portraits of Mr. Gladstone. The book is illustrated by some of Mr. Harry Furniss's well-known satirical drawings.

"Poultry Chit-Chat," by "Major B." (Eyre and Spottiswoode), is a book that will recommend itself to all those who keep poultry either for profit or pleasure. In a concise and agreeable form the author contrives to give a good many practical hints on poultry-farming generally—special attention being paid to the question of artificial incubation.

The report of the "Transactions of the County of Middlesex Natural History and Science Society" (Mitchell and Hughes, 140, Wardour Street, W.) contains an interesting paper by Mr. Edward M. Nelson on the "Development of the Compound Microscope," which deals with the history of this instrument from 1590, the date of its invention, to the present time. There are also several other more or less interesting papers on natural history and other scientific subjects.

Those of a mechanical turn of mind will find a great deal of useful practical information on a variety of subjects in "Amateur Work" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), of which we have received the sixth volume. The book contains designs for fret-work and ornamental carving in wood, and would make an excellent gift-book for any boy who has a taste for mechanical pursuits.

The conclusion that the majority of people would arrive at after reading "Modern Men, by a Modern Maid" (Field and Tuer), is, that the author has either been very unfortunate in the types of men she has met with, or that the courtesy and good-breeding of the average Englishman are infinitely less than they are generally supposed to be. The title is a misnomer, as the book does not actually deal with modern men, but simply with exceptional types that the author has come across. It is, however, interesting, and the remarks put forward are mostly impartial and good-humoured. The author's views of men, as illustrated by her book, may be briefly summed up as follows—

Trust not a man; we are by nature false,  
Dissembling . . . and unconstant,  
When a man talks of love with caution trust him.

OTWAY—The Orphan, Act II., Scene 1.

Mr. Howard has supplied a long-felt want in placing before the public his cheap little book on "Copyright: a Manual for Authors and Publishers" (Griffith and Farran). His opinion of the law of copyright may be gathered from the following quotation from his book:—"The whole law of copyright discloses the curious fact that intellectual productions are governed by intellectual muddle; and," as he points out, an obscure sentence of an Act of Parliament can generally be read in at least two ways. In spite of these drawbacks, however, Mr. Howard has contrived to give a good deal of useful information relative to copyright law in an intelligible form. An index appended to the volume makes it easy for reference.

There are a good many practical hints contained in Mr. George Horne's book, "Pheasant Keeping for Amateurs" (L. Upcott Gill), which should prove of great value to those who take an interest in rearing pheasants. Mr. Horne has gone into the question thoroughly, as he has not confined his remarks simply to the subject of keeping pheasants, but has devoted several chapters to particulars of the different varieties of pheasants; and the question of aviaries and coops also has his attention. The book is illustrated with some excellent plates, which greatly add to its interest.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. are publishing what promises to be a very interesting and complete account of mankind, animals, and plants, from the earliest ages, under the title of "The World's Inhabitants," by B. G. Bettany, M.A. The first number deals with the inhabitants of the United Kingdom and France. It abounds in illustrations, and is in every way both amusing and instructive.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses" form an addition to the "Camelot Series" (Walter Scott). The book has been edited by Helen Zimmern, who has also written a brief biography of Reynolds as an introduction.

The second issue of the "Educational List and Directory of the United Kingdom," is edited by William Stephen, and has been revised and re-arranged. The aim of the book is to give a list of the principal educational institutions in the United Kingdom; but at least two important public schools have been omitted, viz.:—The Coopers' Company Grammar School and the Whitechapel

Foundation School, both of which are in the Eastern District of London.

What is the best way of endeavouring to keep our young ones in good health? is a question that frequently troubles the mind of those who have the care and management of them. Dr. Robert Bell, in his book, "Our Children: How to Keep Them When Well, and Treat Them When They are Ill" (Glasgow: David Bryce and Son), gives sound practical advice on this subject, showing the best remedies for children's ailments generally. In fact, he gives a large amount of information in a concise form that should prove of great benefit to mothers in endeavouring to keep their children in health. A table at the end of the book, giving some of the more important medicines, their uses and doses, adds greatly to its value.



"FRATERNITY," an anonymous "romance" (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), contains so much good thought, so apt for the times and so clearly and forcibly expressed, that its weakness and want of interest are a real misfortune. Its moral is, that people have at present more than enough liberty to live their lives and to fulfil all their duties; that talk about liberty, therefore, mostly amounts either to nonsense, or to a demand for more money; that equality is impossible; and that fraternity is the one point of the famous triad worth regarding. To the defence of inherited property, and to the need of justice to the rich on the part of the poor, attention may very specially be called. No doubt on these matters there will be plenty of difference of opinion, as well as on the possibility, within the limits of human nature, of the author's elevated views of altruism. But they are none the worse for inducing the ordinary reader to think these things out on the basis here afforded him or her. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that these suggestive discussions, invariably put lucidly and concisely, should be mixed up with people idealised to colourlessness. The author is so enthusiastically Welsh as even to ascribe to that favoured race a superior sense of humour which, in his own person, he goes sadly far to disprove. A grain of humour would never have permitted such a fearful and wonderful prig as the hero, with no human foible about him, except a passion for preaching, in and out of season. Then there is too much tendency to mix up "fraternity" with the perilous subject of Platonics. However, strange to say, the so-called "padding" compensates for the defects of portraiture and story. As an essay, though not as a novel, it is eminently worth reading. We must protest, by the way, against christening a very charming girl "Blodwen." It is Welsh for "white flower." But the name is very far from being so graceful as the thing, at least to non-Cymric ears and eyes.

"Hush!" by Curtis Yorke (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), has a certain pathos, due to the skilful treatment of a morbidly-miserable theme. A man of the very noblest nature, utterly unselfish, and apparently incapable of evil even in thought, falls for one passing moment under the temptation not to hold out his hand to save the life of a man whose death would make all the difference between happiness and misery to those who were dearest to the tempted man. The temptation is but a flash; but as soon as it is over the mischief is done irrevocably, and he has to carry with him the conscience of a murderer for the rest of his days. How, after an excess of punishment, matters are brought to the best possible end under the circumstances, readers who like to be depressed will do well to discover for themselves. The story is well told, and by no means uninteresting; its principal fault is its cruelty. It is certainly questionable how far an author is justified in bringing characters into the world for no apparent purpose beyond making them as miserable as possible. At any rate, the victim of "Hush!" might have been spared the infliction of a wife whose cold brutality at the crisis of his life was certainly no necessary outcome of his crime. To admit pessimism into fiction is to admit treason.

There is assuredly no pessimism in "Lionel Villiers; or, True and Steadfast," by Ada Fielder-King (1 vol.: T. Fisher Unwin). Indeed, it errs in the other direction—all its geese, if its characters may be so called, are absolutely speckless swans. All—men, women, and children—are perfectly beautiful, charming, noble, virtuous, brave, and all are passionately devoted to one another, near relations though most of them be. There is such a monotony of excellence that it is sometimes a little difficult to distinguish one from another, especially as all have the same taste for very minor poetry. It is surprising that Ada Fielder-King has the heart to let her hero die of the wound he received in Afghanistan, especially as he might just as well have lived, and as his comrades, who were fully his equals in the qualities which betoken premature death, were let off with damaged legs and arms. Altogether the perusal of "Lionel Villiers" has very much the effect of a surfeit of treacle. We are given to understand that it has Royal and Imperial patronage and approval, and it is dedicated to a sister of the German Emperor—a privilege which should have rendered its treatment of German words something less of a mystery.

"A Bitter Repentance," by Lady Virginia Sandars (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is one of those uncompromising romances which used to be identified with the *London Journal* in its earlier days, except that it is considerably less interesting. It is not easy to care very much any longer for the typical girl who sells her hair to pay for medical attendance upon her mother, who had, of course, in early life, been betrayed by the villain, unless there be much more freshness of treatment than in the present instance. The moral in this kind of story is always wholesome; that of "A Bitter Repentance" being the lesson that sin is safe to bring with it its own punishment, and virtue its own reward. The characters are little more than lay figures, except for the clumsy rudeness towards one another attributed to fellow-guests at good country houses. In short, life is rendered in so unlife-like a manner as to detract considerably from the force of the moral.

"Antoinette: A Tale of the Ancien Régime," by M. P. Blyth (2 vols.: Bentley and Son), is an addition to the thousand-and-one romances of the "Reign of Terror." It is quite as good as the average of these, and none the less for introducing Danton, Robespierre, and other historical personages in an intelligent, if somewhat conventional manner. It will certainly be read with interest and pleasure, after making due allowance for the strange jargon in which much of it is written. The author's idea seems to be to give local and periodic colour to the conversations and monologues by the free use of French idioms in more or less English words, such as "The late Queen would have been aroused to chasser from before her such a toilette," to take a single specimen at random.

"Police-Sergeant C 21," by Reginald Barnett, the latest addition to "The Novocastrian Novels" (Walter Scott), is a tale of criminal investigation, which will be welcomed by those—and they are many—who delight in that form of fiction. The plot is ingenious, the interest is well sustained throughout, and the style is distinctly above that of the ordinary "shilling shocker." At times, indeed, Mr. Barnett reminds us of Gaboriau, whose M. Lecoq (as M. Lecoq was in his younger days), the policeman-hero resembles in a considerable degree.





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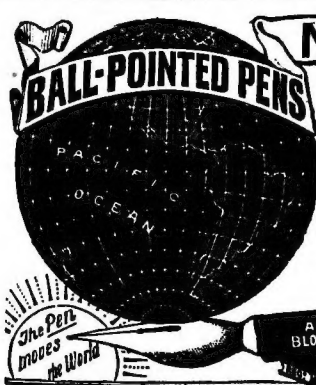
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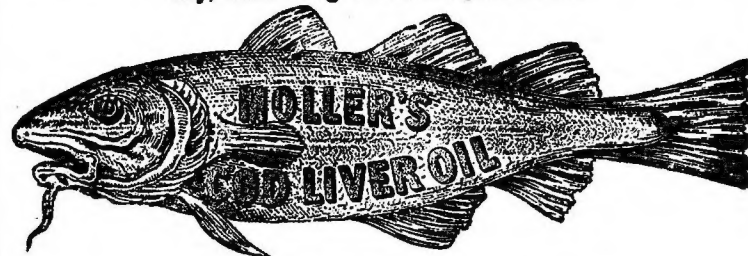
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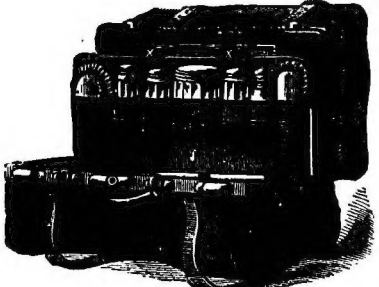


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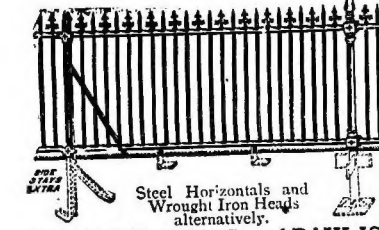
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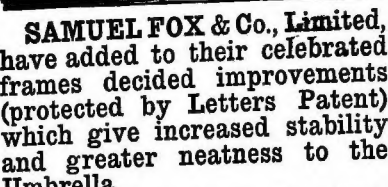
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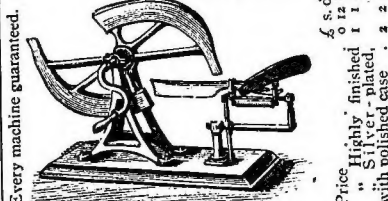
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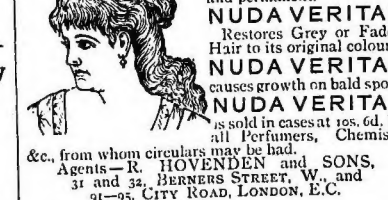
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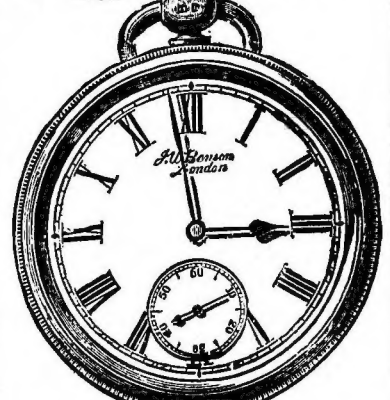
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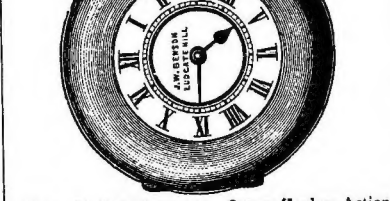
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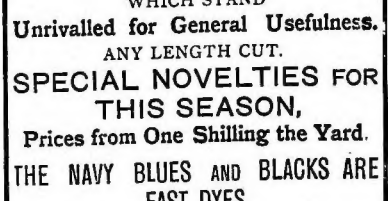
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